

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.
182 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its thirty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. The oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading material. State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable business and household details. Reading so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

- ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 285, Order Sons of St. George, Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.
- NEWPORT TEXT, No. 8, Knights of Maccaude, George J. Perry, President; Charles S. Chisholm, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.
- COURT WATSON, No. 607, Foresters of America, William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
- THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Bruce Hutton, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 15), President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittle G. Curley. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
- OCEAN LODGE, No. 1, A. C. U. W., Harry L. Burleigh, Master; William Perry, D. L. Lawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
- MALDEN LODGE, No. 83, N. E. O. P., Dudley E. Campbell, Wardens; Mrs. Dunbar E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 15), President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittle G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
- REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., David Davis, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Recorder of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
- DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett L. Gordon, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.
- CLAN McLEOD, No. 18, Robert B. Munroe, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Young Men's Republican Club.

The Young Men's Republican Club gave a members' night on Monday evening in the Builders & Merchants Hall, at which there were about 100 present. Besides the members of the club there were present members of the Republican city committee, the General Assembly delegation, and representatives of the Young Men's Republican Club of Middletown.

A chowder supper was served and music was rendered by the Algonquin Mandolin Club. After the refreshments had been disposed of a brief business session was held, at which it was voted to hold regular meetings on the third Tuesday evening of each month in the Republican headquarters in the Realty Building.

The purpose of the meeting was explained and the various speakers introduced by Alvah H. Sanborn, president of the club. The speakers included Colonel Frank P. King, Mr. John R. Austin, president of the Young Men's Republican Club of Middletown; Hon. Robert S. Franklin, Deputy Speaker Robert S. Burlingame, Mr. Edward A. Sherman, secretary of the club; Senator John P. Sanborn, and Mr. William R. Harvey, vice president of the club.

It had been expected that ex-Governor George H. Utter would be present, but he found at the last moment that the steamboat schedule was not so arranged that he could get away early in the morning and he was compelled to give it up. Speaker Burlingame was also expected but after getting as far as Tiverton on his way here he was compelled to go to Little Compton and telephoned down his regrets at his inability to be present.

The session of the New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was finished at Bristol this week, and the appointments for the year were given out. There has been no change in this vicinity. Rev. E. W. Burch of the Thames street Church being succeeded by Rev. William P. Gelsler. Rev. Mr. Burch is not assigned to any church but will retain his membership in the Thames street quarterly conference. Rev. W. J. Ward, who is made the presiding elder of the Providence district, is well known in this vicinity. Rev. A. J. Coultas, who formerly occupied a pastorate here, is made presiding elder of the New Bedford district.

Miss Gladys Burlingame has returned to South's College, after visiting her parents in this city.

Laying the Pavement.

Thames street is in the throes of a transformation just at present. The old pavement is coming up as fast as possible in order to give the new pavement a chance to go down. The ripping up of the old one is not so easy as one might expect either. It takes a steam roller and a big gang of men to make any impression on it. The street commissioner has a large force of men at work, and a larger number are supervising, without pay, from the sidewalks.

Work was begun Monday morning, starting at the Parade corner and working south. At first an attempt was made to rip up the pavement by attaching a pointed plough to the rear of the steam roller by a chain. Three men guided the plough while the roller did the hauling and the inspectors did the advising. Two heavy chains were broken and progress was very slow. This method was finally abandoned, and the long smashing spikes were inserted in the wheel of the roller which then went over the pavement, very effectively breaking up the top surface. Then the gang of men followed up, taking the concrete blocks out and shovelling down to the foundation. The refuse matter was at first carted to Washington square and dumped into the old fire reservoir there. As the work progressed down the street, some of the material taken out was carted to the Blackhead estate on Myrtle street and used for filling in the part that the city has accepted as a public highway.

There has been considerable talk around town about the advisability of filling up the reservoir on the Square. This is one of several large reservoirs that were built many years ago for fire purposes before there was a city water supply. Of course they have not been used for a long time, but many persons feel that it is inadvisable to throw away the reserve supply that might be useful in case of accident to the water mains. However the board of aldermen and the chief of the fire department thought it advisable to fill it up so that work has gone on.

The use of Thames street has of course been very much interfered with, as was to be expected. For a time it was possible for teams to use Myrtle street to get down onto Thames, but now they have to go to Church street. It makes considerable inconvenience for the delivery teams attached to the stores on the section that is torn up, but it is hoped that it will not last long. The small steam roller is already at work preparing the foundation for the granite block pavement and the blocks themselves will be laid as rapidly as possible. Just what would happen in case of a fire along this section is something that remains to be seen.

Sale of Blue Jacket.

Chief Yeoman Fred J. Bueuzle, U. S. N., who has for a number of years published the magazine called the Blue Jacket for the benefit of the enlisted men in the navy, has sold that publication and it will hereafter be published in New York under the name of the Army & Navy Life and the Blue Jacket. This combination will get out a magazine pertaining to both the army and the navy. Mr. Bueuzle will stay with the magazine and will have full charge of his department.

The Blue Jacket was started by Mr. Bueuzle about eight years ago. For a time it was printed here and then it was sent to New Hampshire, but was afterwards brought back to Newport for printing. It has been successful financially but a recent rullage of the navy department that pay masters would not be allowed to hold back the price of subscriptions from the pay of enlisted men made a change seem advisable.

The Base Ball Team.

Rapid progress is being made in getting the Newport base ball team into shape for the opening of the season. Manager Henry has reported for duty and has a list of seventeen men that are under consideration for places on the team. Some of these are well known among followers of the larger leagues, and others are youngsters who are anxious for a trying out. There seems to be plenty of material and there is no reason why Newport should not have some good fast base ball during the coming summer.

Work on the new ball grounds is progressing rapidly. The strong board fence about the grounds is finished and work is being pushed on the grandstand and bleachers. The lot will be a good one, with everything in first class order.

Miss Mabel F. Carry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Carry, has accepted a position to teach school at Montclair, N. J., and will begin her duties at the commencement of the new school year.

Superior Court.

Monday was motion day in the Superior Court, Judge Baker presiding. There were many matters brought to his attention and some decisions were rendered.

There were many petitions for new trials in cases where verdicts were rendered at the last regular term of the court. Arguments were heard in the cases of Henry J. Jones vs. General Compressed Air House Heating Co., Harry Teitz vs. Samuel Horowitz, and Charles Holly vs. the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company. These were all on petition for a new trial. The defendant petitioned for a new trial in the case of Wanda Weidhorn vs. Harry G. Hammett and a hearing was ordered in Providence on April 25.

There was quite a long hearing on the appeal of the defendant in the case of Frank J. Corridon vs. the Providence Journal Company. Seiber Edwards represented the Providence Journal and argued that the verdict was excessive, quoting the amounts awarded by juries in other places for similar circumstances. He said that but 166 copies of the paper were sent here, and for allowing the item to appear in these 166 papers the company was assessed \$5000. J. Stacy Brown represented the plaintiff in the case. He argued that the verdict was not excessive, that the plaintiff had been injured by the publication of the article, which went into the paper through carelessness on the part of somebody.

Lewis L. Simmons, Jr., was appointed trustee under the will of Samuel R. Carr. William H. Boone was the first trustee and after his death Clarence A. Hammett was appointed. Mr. Hammett's death made a vacancy in the office again.

Wedding Bells.

Baxter-Bullock.

Miss Annie Goddard Bullock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Bullock, and Mr. Victor Baxter, were quietly married at the home of Rev. Stanley Hughes on Tour street Monday noon. The bride wore a travelling dress of green with a hat to match. She was attended by Miss Elizabeth E. MacKaye who wore a suit of purple and a picture hat. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. Benjamin G. Rooks, Jr., of Warwick. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party drove to the home of the groom, on Church street, where a luncheon was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Baxter left on the 1 o'clock train en route to Boston and Washington.

A Former Newporter.

Mr. Lance DeJough, a native of Newport, received burns which resulted in his death at Wickford on Sunday night. He was probably smoking in bed, when the covering caught fire, and although neighbors came to his assistance on hearing his calls for help he had been so badly burned that death resulted in a short time.

Mr. DeJough was a son of a former lieutenant in the navy, William J. DeJough and was born in this city about sixty-five years ago. He was educated in a private school, and afterwards served in Rhode Island regiments in the Civil War. He later removed to Bristol and thence to Wickford. He was well known in the southern part of the State, being the correspondent for the Associated Press in that section.

A number of soldiers from Fort Adams attacked one of their comrades near the Father Matthew's building on Thames street on Sunday and the man was rescued by police and by-standers. The cause of the attack was that the man was seen walking on the street in his uniform accompanied by a colored woman. It has been intimated that he will find life unpleasant at the Fort as long as he remains there.

Dr. E. V. Murphy will sail for Europe to-day on the North German Lloyd liner Frederick der Grosse. He will spend some months abroad and will enter some of the hospitals in Berlin, Vienna and London to obtain a higher knowledge of his medical profession.

Mr. Samuel Anthony Irons died in Newark, N. J., on Saturday of last week after a short illness. He was a brother of Mr. Irving P. Irons, the well known singer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jeuckes and the Misses Katherine and Alice Jeuckes have returned from the South, where they spent a portion of the winter months.

Miss H. C. Titcomb, who has been on the sick list, has so far recovered as to be able to be at her desk in the city clerk's office.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is shortly to sail for Europe.

Recent Deaths.

Annie V. Albro.

Miss Annie V. Albro, eldest daughter of Mrs. Lucy Albro, died at her home on Washington street last Saturday morning. Her illness had extended over a period of nearly two years and she had been confined to her bed since last September. At one time she was a patient at Pine Ridge Camp and later went to Wallum Lake, but, receiving no benefit, she returned to her home, where she had gradually grown weaker until the end came.

Miss Albro was a bright and attractive young lady and had a wide circle of friends, who sympathize with her family in their bereavement. While those most intimately associated with her realized that her illness was of a very serious nature, she was hopeful of her recovery and only a few days before her death was planning much for her future. She died within a few hours of her twenty-third birthday.

Miss Albro was a daughter of the late Josiah Albro, Jr., and besides her mother, two brothers and two sisters survive her, Mr. Joseph W. Albro, Mr. Fred Albro, Miss Sarah F. Albro and Miss Mary L. Albro.

Funeral services were held from her late residence on Washington street and later at St. Joseph's Church Monday morning and were largely attended. Rev. Father O'Rourke officiating. During the service Mr. James James sang. There was a wealth of floral offerings. The bearers were Messrs. Cornelius W. R. Callahan, Edward Kavanagh, James James, Joseph Hackett, John Sullivan and Jeremiah A. Sullivan. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Mrs. William H. West.

Mrs. Ardelia J. West, wife of Mr. William H. West, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Marshall, on Charles street, early Sunday morning, in the seventy-second year of her age. Several months ago she entered the Newport Hospital for treatment, having been in poor health for some time. It was then found that an operation would be necessary to save her life, but her advanced years prevented this, so two weeks previous to her death she left the Hospital and was carried to her daughter's, where she died.

Mrs. West was a native of Newport, where she had spent the greater part of her life. She had raised up a large family of children and was an ideal wife and mother. By her kind and lovable manner, she had endeared herself to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Through her last illness she was most patient and thoughtful of those who attended her. She was a member of Trinity church and a good Christian woman.

Funeral services were held from her daughter's residence on Charles street Tuesday afternoon and were attended by relatives and friends. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, officiated. During the service Miss Mary Leonard sang "Lead, Kindly Light" and "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." The casket was surrounded with beautiful floral tributes. The bearers were Messrs. J. Herbert Barker, Theodore Ambrose, Thomas S. Tiley and Leonard West. The interment was in the Old Cemetery.

New Engineer Officer.

The War Department has at last selected an engineer officer to take permanent command of the engineer office in this city to succeed Colonel J. H. Willard, who retired a few weeks ago. Since his retirement the office has been looked after by Major Taylor, in connection with his other duties as the head of the office in New London, and there had been persistent rumors that the two districts would be consolidated and the Newport office removed to New London. This has now been definitely set at rest by the announcement of the new appointment.

The new officer in charge will be Lieutenant Colonel Solomon W. Rossler, who is at present attached to the office in Portland, Oregon. He is expected to start for Newport at once, arriving here next week. Colonel Rossler was born in Illinois in 1851 and was appointed to the Military Academy in 1873. He received his commission as second lieutenant in the engineer department in 1877, first lieutenant in 1880, captain in 1887, major in 1898 and lieutenant colonel in 1906.

Mr. and Mrs. John Treys have returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. Henry F. Rooney is recovering from his recent severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Adams have returned from Florida.

Mr. George Langley is visiting his parents on Myrtle street.

Mrs. C. Acton Ives has arrived for the summer season.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday evening when bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health,	\$1,121.61
Books, Stationery and Printing,	474.71
City Engineer,	1,327.10
Fire Department,	710.89
Incidentals,	327.68
Lighting Streets,	2,670.70
Town Jewish Synagogue Fund,	146.53
Dog Fund,	72.08
Rural Grounds,	50.00
Police,	115.84
Poor Department,	491.98
Public Buildings,	272.71
Public Parks,	8.63
Public Schools,	12,262.65
Streets and Highways,	1,882.70
Thames Street Pavement,	116.22
Ward Meetings,	82.80
Total,	\$22,084.10

The monthly reports of the street commissioner and the inspector of nuisances were received. A communication from Mrs. Julia H. Ridgely, stating that she was willing to pay a tax on \$2000 of personal property, but not on \$5000, was referred to the assessors of taxes. There was presented a claim for damages of \$150 from Jacob Thomas. He claimed that he was knocked down by the police patrol wagon on Thames street near Myrtle on the afternoon of March 10, receiving injuries which incapacitated him from work for a period of three weeks.

There were reports from the Mayor and Chief of Police in regard to many applications for licenses of various kinds which had been referred to them for investigation. Licenses were granted to peddlers, eating house keepers, tavern keepers, and milk dealers.

The bonds for city officials, issued by the Massachusetts Bonding & Insurance Company, were approved. These were authorized by the representative council at the beginning of the year, but there had been much delay in getting them issued.

At the conclusion of the regular meeting, the board went into executive session to talk over matters connected with the police department. A number of suggestions were made, but nothing but what had already been considered by Mayor Clarke in his capacity as head of the police department.

The board of aldermen met again for weekly business on Thursday evening, when the Thames street pavement again held the center of the stage in the shape of contracts and requests for employment of Newport labor.

The department pay rolls for the week were approved, also the bill of \$185 for bonding the city officers, and the bill of \$315.52 for granite block. Several licenses were granted and others were referred to the chief of police.

Bids were opened for supplying 100,000 granite blocks for the Thames street pavement, the bidders being Charles P. Austin, George H. Riggs, and Darling & State, of Newport; H. E. Fletcher of West Chelmsford, Rockport Granite Company of Rockport, Mass., and Booth Brothers of New York. After some discussion it was decided that the bid of Booth Brothers was the most advantageous and the contract was awarded to them.

There was a communication from the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers Union, stating that there are plenty of men in Newport amply able to lay the Thames street pavement, and expressing a desire to have the work done by Newporters rather than by outsiders. The members of the committee were invited to address the board and there followed quite an informal discussion of the matter. It seemed to the board that the union was rather late in making their protest. The street commissioner stated however that all the work would be done as far as possible by Newport labor and that the contractors were under agreement to employ Newport men to do the work.

The next triennial convention of the General Society of the Cincinnati will be held in this city in 1911. This action was taken at the triennial session that has been held in Charleston, S. C., this week. The society is made up of lineal descendants of officers of the Revolutionary army, and comprises some of the most prominent men of the country. Among the delegates from this State who have been attending the convention in Charleston is Colonel Charles L. F. Robinson of this city.

There was an alarm from Box 4 shortly after 10 o'clock Thursday evening, calling the department to the house occupied by John Rodda on Tew's court, where the chimney was on fire. The chemical engine attended to the chimney and the rebel was sounded.

Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn Hall, Jr., were in the city recently and paid a visit to their summer home, "Boothden," on Indian avenue, Middletown.

Mr. Gilbert S. Read passed a successful examination before the State Board of Pharmacy in Providence on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. DeLauncey Kane, who recently returned from Europe, have arrived in this city.

Middletown.

Mr. Isaac Hazard, who resides with his brother, Mr. Daniel R. Hazard, on Valley Road, was taken with an illness last week and has since been confined to the house.

Mr. James T. Peckham suffered a severe bruising and shaking up last week as the result of a fall on the cellar stairs at his home off Wapping Road. One of his ribs is thought to be somewhat fractured, although Mr. Peckham has been able to get about the house slowly and has not been confined to his bed.

Mr. Edward Hyde Anthony, formerly of Middletown, now of Providence, has been visiting his cousin, Mr. Isaac Congdon, on the West Main Road.

The Rev. Lullia Grewold, who has been spending a portion of his Easter vacation with the Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Conover in Concord, N. H., returned this week and expects to remain with his aunt, Miss Kate Grubb, at Mrs. Joseph Albro's, until St. George's School reopens on the 14th, where he is an instructor in English and Mathematics.

Religious services will be begun in the town hall on Sunday, at the usual church hours, by the Rev. H. H. Critchlow and will be continued here until the new Methodist Episcopal Church is ready for occupancy.

Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Critchlow and their son Warren returned on Monday from Bristol where they had been attending the Methodist Conference. Mr. Critchlow's efforts in behalf of the new Methodist church have been both active and untiring and it is with a feeling of great satisfaction to his people that he again is recalled to Middletown to continue his duties in this pastorate. Quite a heavy responsibility rests upon the pastor as well as his people, in the erection of a new edifice, and the parish is indeed fortunate in having one at the head who seems not only efficient but who is so indefatigably a worker himself. Some considerable time was consumed in clearing away the refuse about the old walls of the church and work has been but recently begun upon the new foundation which is partly up.

The members of the Epworth League held their annual "Egg Supper" on Tuesday evening at the home of its president, Miss Helen M. Ward, where the large gathering received a cordial welcome from Mr. and Mrs. A. Herbert Ward. The dining room was attractively lighted by numerous candles, both on the supper table and about the old-fashioned fire-place, and the floral decorations were of a charming. A supper, that was both appetizing and bountiful, was served from 8 to 8 o'clock, eggs prepared in all styles being the leading feature. The waitresses were the attractive younger members of the League, while an efficient committee presided over the supper arrangements. Home made candy was also sold. A social evening with music concluded a thoroughly enjoyable affair. The presence of the Rev. R. S. Moore of New Bedford, a former pastor at the Methodist Episcopal Church, added to the zest of the occasion, as Mr. Moore is a noted entertainer.

Mr. Dudley Newton, Jr., is making improvements and alterations at "The Bungalow" off Paradise Avenue.

The Rev. John B. Dman, of St. George's School, has been spending a portion of the school vacation in Providence.

The Berkeley Men's Club meets regularly each Wednesday evening at the Parish House and St. Columba's Guild on Thursday afternoon. Certain ladies of the Guild are chosen as hostesses who entertain on appointed days.

Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham, her son Harold, and Miss Grace Evelyn Peckham, returned from the South Monday. They have been spending the past three months at Eustis, Florida, where they have had a cottage for several seasons. Mr. Peckham returned some ten days ago in order to be present at the Town Meeting.

Wednesday being the regular weekly day of the Paradise Reading Club meetings, the members were invited to Providence, as guests of one of their number, Mrs. O. LeRoy Grinnell, who has resided there since her marriage in July. A party of 15 had planned to take the trip but owing to sickness and the unfavorable weather but three left from Middletown. A social afternoon was enjoyed followed by a collection. Mrs. Grinnell was assisted in entertaining by her mother, Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham of Middletown, who has been making a short visit with her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Hunter are increasing the size of their residence at "Sunnyfields Farm" by the erection of an addition at the north. The original dwelling has received so many additions and improvements that it would not now be easily recognized by many who were formerly familiar with the farm house as it used to be. At the present time it is one of the prettiest places in this locality and efforts are being continually put forth to add to its attractiveness.

Mr. Thomas Mulken, who suffered an ill turn the past week, is considerably improved, although very weak.

Mr. Theodore Ambrose and his daughter, Miss Louise Ambrose, of New Bedford, Mass., were in the city on Tuesday attending the funeral of Mrs. William B. West. Mrs. Ambrose, who is a daughter of Mrs. West, was unable to attend on account of illness.

The men at the army posts in this vicinity have begun on their season of night drills. Fort Adams and Fort Greble have both held drills this week, the small vessels attached to the department being used for the necessary practice in passing the forts.

THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER XXIV.

With haste, however, availed us little, for there was no wind at all. We lay for over two hours under the brown light, overpowered by the red brown cloud, while the explosions shook the foundations of the world. Nobody ventured below. The sails flapped idly from the masts; the black and spurs creaked; the three cornered waves rose straight up and fell again as though reaching from the deep.

When the men first began to sweat the sails up, evidently in preparation for an immediate departure, I objected vehemently.

"You aren't going to leave him on the island?" I cried. "He'll die of starvation."

They did not answer me, but after a little more, when my expostulations had become more positive, Handy Solomon dropped the luffard and threw me to one side.

"Look here, you," he snarled, "you'd better stow your gab! You're lucky to be here yourself, let alone botherin' your thick head about anybody else, and you can kiss the book on that! Do you know why you ain't with them carabos?" He jerked his thumb toward the beach. "It's because Solomon Anderson's your friend. Throckles would have killed you in a minute 'count of this bit hand. I got you your chance. Now, don't be a fool, for I ain't goin' to stand between you and them another time. Besides, he won't last long if that volcano keeps at it."

He left me. Whatever truth lay in his assumption of friendship, and I doubted there existed much of either truth or friendship in him. I saw the common sense of his advice. I was in no position to dictate a course of action.

After the sails were on her we gathered at the starboard rail to watch the shore. There the hills ran into lanky blackness, as the horizon sometimes merges into a blunder squall. A dense white steam came from the creek bed within the arroyo. The surges beat on the shore louder than the ordinary, and the foam even in these days hours seemed to throw up a faint phosphorescence. Frequent earthquakes oscillated the landscape. We watched, and I do not know for what, our eyes straining into the muck of the island. Nobody thought of the chest, which lay on the cabin table aft. I contributed maliciously my bit to their fear.

"These volcanic islands sometimes sink entirely," I suggested, "and in that case we'd be carried down by the suction."

It was intended merely to increase their uneasiness, but, strangely enough, after a few moments it ended by supplanting itself on my own fears. I began to be afraid the island would sink, began to watch for it, began to share the fascinated terror of these men.

The suspense after a time became unbearable, for while the portents—whether physical or moral we were too far under its influence to distinguish—grew momentarily, our own souls did not expand in the correspondence. We talked of towing, of hedging out, of going to any extreme, even to small boats. Then just as we were about to move toward some accomplishment a new phenomenon chilled our attention to the shore.

In the mouth of the arroyo appeared a red glow. A moment later a wave of lava, white hot, red, iridescent, cooling to a black crust cracked in laceration, rolled majestically out over the grassy plain. Each instant it grew in volume until the ravine must have been flowing full.

Before its scorching the grasses even at the edge of the sea were smoking, and our camp had already burst into flames. We had to shield our faces against the heat, and the wooden railing under our hands was growing warm.

Pulz turned an ashy countenance toward us.

"My God," he screamed, "what's going to happen when she hits the sea?"

She hit the sea, and immediately a great cloud of steam arose and the hissing as of a thousand serpents. We felt the strong suction under our keel and staggered under the jerk on the ship's cable as she swung toward the beach. The paint was beginning to crackle along the rail. We could see nothing for the seething white veil that enveloped us. We could hear nothing for the roar of steam, the bombardment of explosions and the crash of thunder, but our nostrils were assaulted by a most unearthly medley of smells.

We were clinging hard as the ship reeled. Huge surges were racing in from seaward, growing larger with each successive billow.

Handy Solomon raised his head, listened intently and struck his forehead. "Whirl!" he screamed at the top of his voice and jumped for the luffards. Throckles followed him, but no one else moved. In an instant the two were back, striking and kicking savagely, rousing their companions to the danger. We all hid into the canvas like mad, and in no time had sunged down to a stony and the peak of our malaise. Throckles drew his knife and jumped for the cable, while Handy Solomon, his eyes snapping, seized the wheel.

We finished just in time. I was turning away after tying the last gasket on the foresail when the deck up ended and tipped me headforemost into the starboard scupper. At the same time a smother of salt water blew over the port rail, now far above me, to drench me as thoroughly as though I had fallen overboard. I brushed out my eyes to find the ship snuck on her beam

and the wind howling by from the sea.

I had company enough in the scupper. Only Handy Solomon clung desperately to the wheel, jamming his weight to port in the hope she might pay up. Throckles, too, his eye squinted along some bearing of his own, was waiting for her to drag. Presently it became evident that she was doing so, whereupon he drew his knife across our hawser.

"My God!" chattered Pulz at my ear. "If we go ashore!"

He did not need to finish. Unless the Laughing Lass could recover before the squall had driven her to leeward a scant half mile we should be cooked alive in the boiling caldron at the shore's edge.

For an interminable time, as it seemed to me, we lay absolutely motionless. The scene is stamped indelibly on my memory—the bullwarks high above me, the steep, sleek deck, the piratical figure tense at the wheel, the snarling water racing from beneath us, the lurid glow to landward crawling up on us inch by inch, like a hungry wild beast. Then almost imperceptibly the bare schooner righted. The strained lines on Handy Solomon's carved features relaxed little by little. Throckles, staring over the side, let out a mighty roar. "Steerage way!" he shouted and executed an awkward clog dance on the reeling deck.

She moved forward, there was no doubt of that, for gradually we were eating toward the wind, but we made considerable leeway as well. Handy Solomon, taut as the weather rigging, took his little advantages one by one like precious gifts. Light there was none. The land was blotted out by the steam and muck which had swept to sea and now was hurled back by the wind. All we could do was to hang there, tasting the copper of excitement, waiting for these different forces to adjust themselves. Inch by inch we crept forward; foot by foot we made leeway. The interest of the lava glow worked its way from directly ahead of the quarter. By this we knew we must be nearly opposite the cove. At once a new doubt sprang up in our minds.

A moment ago all the energy of our desires had gone up in the ambition to avoid being cast on the beach. Now we saw that that was not enough. It was necessary to squeeze around the point where lay the Golden Horn in order to avoid the fate that had overtaken her. Handy Solomon yelled something at us. We could not hear, but our own knowledge told us what it must be, and with one accord we turned to on the forecastle. With the peak of it hoisted we moved a trifle faster, though the schooner lay over at a perilous angle. A moment later the fog parted to show us the cliffs looming startlingly near. There were the donkey engine and the works we had constructed for wrecking, and there beside them, watching us reflectively, stood Percy Darrow.

For ten minutes we stared at him fascinated, during which time the ship labored against the staggering winds, galloped and lost in its buffeting with the great surges. The breakers hurled themselves in wild abandon against the rocks sent their backwash of tumbling peaks to our very bilges. The few remains of the Golden Horn, alternately drenched and draining, seemed to picture to us our inevitable end.

I think we had all selected the same two points for our "bearings," a rock and a drop of the cliff bolder than the ordinary. If the rock opened from the cliff to eastward, we were lost; if it remained stationary, we were at least holding our own; if it opened out to westward, we were saved. We watched with a strained eagerness impossible to describe. At each momentary gain or rebuff we uttered ejaculations. The bigger mumbled charms. Every once in awhile one of us would snatch a glance to leeward at the cruel white waters, the whirl of eddies where the sea was beaten, only to hurry back to the rock and the point of the cliff whence our message of safety or destruction was to be flung. Once I looked up. Percy Darrow was leaning gracefully against a stanchion, watching. His soft hat was pulled over his eyes. He stroked softly his little mustache. I caught the white puff of his cigarette. During the moment of my inattention something happened. A wild shout burst from the men. I whirled and saw to my great joy a strip of sky westward between the cliff and the rock. And at that very instant a billow larger than the ordinary rolled beneath us, and in the back section of its passage I could dimly make out cruel, dangerous rocks lying almost under our keel.

Slowly we crept away. Our progress seemed infinitesimal, and yet it was real. In awhile we had gained sea room; in awhile more we were fairly under sailing way and the cliffs had begun to drop from our quarter. With one accord we looked back. Percy Darrow waved his hand in an imperceptibly graceful and ironic gesture, then turned square on his heel and sauntered away to the north alley, out of the course of the lava. That was the last I ever saw of him.

As we made our way from beneath the island the weight of the wind seemed to lessen. We got the foresail on her, then a standing jib; finally, little by little, all her ordinary working canvas. Before we knew it we were bowling along under a stiff breeze, and the island was dropping astern.

From a distance it presented a truly imposing sight. The center shot interlaminated bands of ruddy light; explosions, deadened by distance, still rever-

berated strongly, the broad canopy of brown red, split with lightnings, spread out like a huge umbrella. The lurid gloom that had enveloped us in the atmosphere apparently of a netter world had given place to a twilight. Abruptly we passed from it to a sun kissed, sparkling sea. The breeze blew sweet and strong; the waves ran untroubled in their natural long courses.

At once the men seemed to throw off the superstitious terror that had cowed them. Pulz and Throckles went to pull the extra dory alongside, which by a miracle had escaped swamping. The nigger disappeared in the galley. Perdosa relieved Handy Solomon at the wheel, and Handy Solomon came directly over to me.

CHAPTER XXV.

HANDY SOLOMON approached me with a confidence that proclaimed the new leader. A brace of revolvers swung from his belt; the tatters of his blood stained garments hung about him.

"Well, here we are," he remarked.

I nodded, waiting for what he had to disclose.

"And lucky for you that you're here, at all, say I," he continued. "And now that you're here what are you going to do? That's the question—what are you going to do?" He cocked his head aside and looked at me speculatively as a cat might look at a rather large mouse. "We been a little rough," he went on after a moment, "and some folks is straitlaced. There might be trouble. And you know a heap too much."

"What do you want of me?" I demanded.

"It's just this," he returned briskly: "If you'll lay us out course to San Salvador, we'll let you go as one of us and no questions asked."

"If not?" I inquired.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I leave it to you."

"There's always the sea," I suggested.

"And it's deep," he agreed.

We looked out to the horizon in a diplomatic silence. I did not know whether to be angry, amused or alarmed that the man estimated my cleverness so slightly. Why, the book was barely concealed and the bait of the coast. That I would go safe to a sight of San Salvador I did not doubt. That I would never enter the harbor I was absolutely certain. The choice offered me was practically whether I preferred being thrown overboard now or several hundred miles to southeastward.

I thought rapidly. It might be possible to announce a daily false reckoning to the crew, to sail the ship within rowing distance of some coast and then to escape while the men believed themselves many hundred miles at sea. It would take nice calculation to prevent suspicion, but as it was the only chance I resolved upon it immediately.

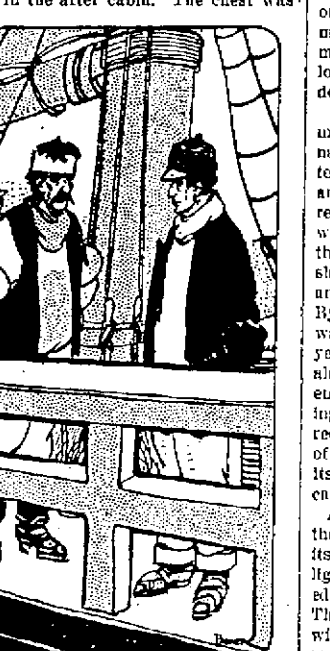
"That's all very well," I said firmly, "but you can't get anywhere without me, and I'm not going to put in two years and then keep my mouth shut for nothing. I want a share in the swag—an even share with the rest of you."

"Oh, that'll be all right," he cried.

"You can have it."

If anything was needed to convince me of the man's sinister intentions, this too ready acquiescence would have been enough. I knew him too well. If he had had the slightest intention of permitting me to go free, he would have bargained.

The nigger called us to mess. We ate in the after cabin. The chest was



After mess we went on deck again.

locked, and the men had as yet been unable to break into it. Pulz professed some skill in locksmithing and promised to experiment later. After mess we went on deck again. The island had dropped down to the horizon and showed as a brilliant glow under a dark canopy. I leaned over the rail, looking at it. Below me the extra dory bumped along. The idea came to me that if I could escape that night I could row back to Percy Darrow. The two of us could make shift to live on fish and shellfish and mutton. The plan rapidly defined itself in my brain. From the remains of the Golden Horn we could construct some kind of a craft in which to run free to the summer trades. Thus we might in time reach some one or another of the Sandwich Islands, whence a passing trader could take us back to civilization. There were many elements of uncertainty in the scheme, but it seemed to me less desperate than trusting to the caprices of these men, especially since they now had free access to the liquor stores.

While I leaned over the rail engrossed in these thoughts one of the black thunderclouds that had been gathering and dissipating over the island during the entire afternoon suddenly glowed overhead with a strange white incandescence startlingly akin to Darrow's so-called "devil fires." Strange by enough, this illumination, unlike the volcanic glows, appeared to be cast on the clouds from without rather than

shot through them from within, as were the other volcanic emanations. At the same instant I experienced a sharp interior revulsion of some sort, most briefly momentary, but of a character that shook me from head to toe.

I had no time to analyze these various impressions, however, for my attention was almost instantly distracted. From the cabin came the sound of a sharp fall; then a man cried out, and on the heels of it Pulz darted from the cabin, screaming horribly. We were all on deck, and as the little man rushed toward the stern Handy Solomon twisted him deftly from his feet.

"What is it?" he cried as he placed the sufferer to the deck.

But Pulz could not answer. He shivered, stiffened and lay rigid, his eyes rolled back.

"Ella," remarked Throckles impatiently.

The excitement died. Rum was forced between the victim's lips. After a little he recovered, but could tell us nothing of his seizure.

After the dishes had been swept aside from supper Handy Solomon announced a second attempt to open the chest.

"Pancha, here, says he's been a n-chauble," said he. "I right well know he's been a housebreaker, so he's got the safe for the job, and you can kiss the book on that."

Perdosa, with a grin, leaned over the cover from behind and began to pick away at the lock with a long crooked wire. The others drew close about. I slipped nearer the door, imagining that in their riveted interest I saw my opportunity. To my surprise I caught a glimpse of legs disappearing up the companion. I took stock. Pulz had gone on deck.

This surprised me, for I should have thought every man interested enough in the supposed treasure to wish to be present at its uncovering, and it annoyed me still more. The success of my plan demanded a clear deck. However, there was nothing for it now but to trust that Pulz had wished to visit the forecabin and that I might find the afterworks empty.

I paused at the foot of the companion and looked back. A breathlessness of excitement, held the pirates in a vise. From above the hanging lamp threw strong shadows across their faces, bringing out the deep lines, accentuating the dominant passions. With their rage and blood, their unshaven faces, their dreams, their filth, they showed in violent antithesis to the immaculate white of Old Scrubs' cabin, its glittering brass and its shining leather. I darted up the steps.

The contrast of the starry night with the glare of the cabin lamp dazzled my eyes. I stood stock still for a moment, during which the only sounds audible were the singing of the winds through the rigging, the wash of the sea and the small, sharp click of Perdosa's instrument as he worked at the chest.

Presently I could see better. I looked forward and aft for Pulz, but could see nothing of him and had just about concluded that he had gone forward when I happened to glance aloft. There, to my astonishment, I made him out huddled in silhouette against the stars close to the main truck. What he was doing there I could not imagine. However, I did not have time to bother my head about him further than to rejoice that he could not obstruct me.

I should very much have liked to get hold of a rifle and ammunition or at least to lay in biscuit and water, but for this there was no time. It was not absolutely essential. The dull glow of the island was still visible. I had my pillar of fire and smoke to guide me. Without further delay I jerked loose the palmer and drew the extra dory alongside.

I had proceeded just so far in my movements when the most extraordinary thing happened. I shall try to tell you of it as accurately as possible and in the exact order of its occurrence. First a long, straight shaft of white light shot straight up through the cabin roof to a great height. It shone through the wooden planks as an ordinary light shines through glass. By contrast the surrounding blackness was thrown into a deeper shade, and yet the shaft itself was so brilliant as almost to scotch the sight. Curiously enough, it was defined accurately, being exactly in shape like one of the rectangular tin air shafts you see so often in city hotels. At the instant of its appearance the wind fell quite calm.

Almost immediately the rectangle on the roof through which the light made its passage began to spray out like lighted oil, although the column retained still the integrity of its outline. The fire, if such it could be called, ran with incredible rapidity along the seams between the planks forward and aft until the entire deck was sketched like a pyrotechnic display in thin, vivid lines of incandescence. From each of these lines then the fire began again to spread, as though soaking through the planks.

All took place practically in an instant of time. I had no opportunity to move or to cry out. Indeed, my perceptions were inadequate to the task of mere observation. Up to now there had been no sound. The wind had fallen. The waters passed unnoticed. A stillness of death seemed to have descended on the ship. It was broken by a sharp double report, one as of the fall of a metallic substance, the other caused by the body of Pulz, which, shaken loose from the truck by a heavy roll, smashed against the rail of the ship and splashed overboard. Some one cried out sharply. An instant later the entire crew struggled out from the companionway, rushed in grim silence to the side of the vessel and threw themselves into the sea.

My own ideas were somewhat confused. The fire had practically enveloped the ship. I thought to feel it, and yet my skin was cool to the touch. The ship's outlines became blurred. A dizziness overtook me, and then all at once a great desire seized and shook my very soul. I cannot tell you the vehemence of this desire. It was a madness. Nothing could stand in the way of its gratification. Whatever happened, I must have water. It was not thirst nor yet a purpose to ally

the very real physical burning of



The entire crew threw themselves into the sea.

which I was now dimly conscious, but a craving for the liquid itself as something apart from and unconnected with anything else. Without hesitation and as though it were the most natural thing in the world I vaulted the rail to cast myself into the ocean. I dimly remember a last flying impression of a furnace of light, then a great shock thrudded through me, and I lost consciousness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OVER the wardrobe of the Wol-verine had fallen a silence. It held after Slade had dashed. Captain Parkinson, stiff and erect in his chair, staring fixedly at a spot two feet above the reporter's head, seemed to weigh as a judge weighs the facts so picturesquely set forth. Dr. Trendon, his sturdy frame half in shadow, had slouched far down into himself. Only the regard of his keen eyes fixed upon Slade's face unwaveringly and a bit anxiously showed that he was thinking of the narrator as well as of the narrative. The others had fallen completely under the spell of the tale. They sat as children in a theater, absorbed, forgetful of the world around them, wrapped in a more vivid element. At the close they stirred and blinked, half dazed by the abrupt fall of the curtain.

Slade had told his story with fire, with something of passion even. Now he felt the sharp reflex. He muttered uncertainly beneath his breath and glanced from one to another of the circled faces.

"That's all," he said unsteadily. "There passed through the group a stir and a murmur. Some one broke into sharp coughing. Chairs, shoved back, grated on the floor."

"Well, of all the extraordinary—began a voice ruminatingly and broke off short as if abashed at its own infraction of the silence."

"That's all," repeated Slade, a note of insistence in his voice. "Why don't you say something? Confound you, why don't you say something?" His speech rose husky and cracked. "Don't you believe it?"

"Hold on!" said the surgeon quietly. "No need to get excited." "Oh, well," muttered the reporter, with a sudden lapse, "possibly you think I'm romancing. It doesn't matter. I don't suppose I'd believe it myself in your place."

"But we're heading for the island," suggested Forsythe.

"That's so," cried Slade. "Well, that's all right. Believe or disbelieve as much as you like. Only get Percy Darrow off that island. Then we'll have his version. There are a few things I want to find out about, myself."

"There are several that promise to be fairly interesting," said Forsythe under his breath.

Slade turned to the captain. "Have you any questions to put to me, sir?" he asked formally.

"Just one moment," interrupted Trendon. "Boy, a pony of brandy for Mr. Slade."

The reporter drank the liquor and again turned to Captain Parkinson.

"Only about our men," said the commanding officer after a little thought.

Slade shook his head.

"I'm sorry I can't help you there, sir."

"Dr. Trendon said that you knew nothing about Edwards."

"Edwards?" repeated Slade inquiringly. His mind, still absorbed in the events which he had been relating, groped backward.

Trendon came to his aid. "Barnett asked you about him, you remember. It was when you recovered consciousness. Our cabin. Took over charge of the Laughing Lass."

"Oh, of course. I was a little dazed, I fancy."

"We put Mr. Edwards aboard when we first picked up the deserted schooner," explained the captain.

"Pardon me," said the other. "My head doesn't seem to work quite right yet. Just a moment, please." He sat silent, with closed eyes. "You say you picked up the Laughing Lass. When?" he asked presently.

"Four—five—six days ago, the first time."

"Then you put out the fire?"

The circle closed in on Slade, with an unconscious hitching forward of chairs. He had fixed his eyes on the captain. His mouth worked. Obviously he was under a tension of endeavor in keeping his faculties set to the problem. The surgeon watched him, frowning.

"There was no fire," said the captain.

Slade leaped in his chair. "No fire! But I saw her, I tell you. When I went overboard she was one living flame!"

"You landed in the small boat. Knocked you senseless," said Trendon. "Concussion of the brain. Idea of flame might have been a retroactive hallucination."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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A CRUISER IN PURSUIT

Gloucester Skipper Set Sail in
Defiance of Court

ALLEGED MISUSE OF TRAWLS

Three Captains Tried to Get Away,
but Two Were Driven Back by
Storm and Paid Fines—Fishery Dis-
pute Referred to Washington

At the request of the magistrate at Channel, N. F., a port near Cape Ray, the colonial government has ordered the cruiser *Fiona* to apprehend the Gloucester, Mass., schooner *Arethusa* and place Captain Morrissey under arrest on a charge of violating the Newfoundland laws, which prohibit the use of bull palls (trawls) within three miles of the shore.

Captain Spinney of the schooner *Athlete* and Captain Rudolph of the schooner *Harry W. Nickerson*, both of Gloucester, were convicted of the same offense and fined \$100 each, which they paid under protest. The dispute has been referred to the authorities at Washington by Congressman Gardner of the Gloucester district and will probably be carried to London.

Last Saturday morning Captains Spinney, Rudolph and Morrissey were summoned by legal process to appear before the magistrate at Channel on Monday on charges of violating the colonial laws. A writ was served on each captain, but all three ignored the document and, setting sail, proceeded to sea Monday forenoon in defiance of the court's order.

During the afternoon the *Harry A. Nickerson* and *Athlete* encountered a heavy ice field which extended for miles. The ice was driven in along the coast before a high wind and endangered the two vessels, which were forced to return to port. The *Arethusa*, which got away first, was able to get clear of the ice pack and escape.

When the *Nickerson* and *Athlete* dropped anchor in the harbor the magistrate issued warrants for the arrest of Captains Spinney and Rudolph. Both commanders submitted to arrest and were placed on trial. They were convicted of a breach of the fishery regulations and ordered to pay a fine of \$100 each or spend two months in jail. The fines were paid under protest.

The magistrate issued a warrant for the arrest of the captain of the *Arethusa* and communicated with the colonial authorities, who ordered the cruiser *Fiona* to search for the defaulting vessel.

The Americans claim the right to fish with trawls on the southwestern coast under the treaty of 1818, which allows them to fish upon equal terms with Newfoundland fishermen. They also claim that they are protected by the temporary agreement known as the *modus vivendi* until all the matters in dispute are adjudicated by The Hague tribunal, to which the fisheries question will shortly be submitted.

The colonial laws forbid the use of the trawl even by Newfoundland fishermen, and the government holds that Americans are bound by these regulations, which, it says, do not conflict with the treaty of 1818.

Unless some understanding is reached within a short time the Newfoundland fishing season will be a poor one for them, the American captain claims, as they are equipped for trawling only, and the fleet is awaiting the outcome of the representations made at Washington.

Evans Will Not Rejoin Fleet
Near Admiral Evans, who is at Paso Robles, Cal., will not rejoin the battleship fleet or participate in any of the functions and celebrations in the ports of Southern California. He is beginning to realize that he cannot recover his health in a few days or weeks. Although his improvement has been marked, he is still far from strong.

Word From Explorer Rice
Dr. Hamilton Rice of Boston, who, it was feared, had met death in his explorations into the interior of South America, has cabled from Manaus, a city on the Amazon, that he has arrived safe and is well. The cablegram contains nothing more than this. Manaus is a city of 6000 inhabitants, about 1000 miles from the mouth of the Amazon.

Convicted of Manslaughter
Providence, April 9.—Antonio Rozzo, aged 23, charged with the murder by stabbing to death of Matteo De Marco, was found guilty by the jury of manslaughter. The stabbing occurred in front of a saloon. Rozzo claimed that he stabbed De Marco in self-defense. Sentence was deferred.

Asquith Is Made Premier
Herbert H. Asquith is receiving congratulations on his appointment by King Edward as premier. It is understood that some details as to the personnel of the cabinet remain to be settled in London. Asquith declined to divulge anything with regard to the new cabinet.

No Bill Against American Ice
The special grand jury at New York which investigated the American ice company filed a presentment in the supreme court that sufficient evidence for returning indictments against either the American ice company or its president, Wesley M. Oler, had not been found.

Duel Challenge Declined
St. Petersburg, April 10.—Count Bobrinsky, president of the Constitutional Conservative party and marshal of nobility, challenged Professor Milnikoff, leader of the Constitutional Democrats, to a duel, following a dispute arising between them in the drama. Milnikoff declined to accept the challenge.

GOT SEVEN YEARS EACH

Four Thieving Policemen Feel the
Heavy Hand of the Law

Quick justice was meted out at Philadelphia Wednesday to the policemen who were arrested on Saturday for robbing stores and warehouses on their beats in the wholesale district. Indicted early in the day on charges of "entering without breaking, with intent to commit a felony," "larceny," "receiving stolen goods," and "conspiracy," the accused pleaded guilty and were sentenced to serve seven years each in the Eastern penitentiary. The convicted policemen are J. M. Straub, John Kelly, C. M. Luckenbill and J. R. Silenus.

With them in the conspiracy to rob were Harry Rothenberg, aged 19, whose arrest on a charge of larceny unearched the plot, and W. A. Frost, a plumber, in whose place the men divided the proceeds of the robberies. Frost and Rothenberg, who were indicted with the policemen, pleaded guilty and were also sentenced, Frost being sent to the penitentiary for four years, while Rothenberg was committed to a reformatory.

Planning American Intervention

It is reported that measures are being taken at Port au Prince to force, if possible, the intervention of the United States. At the moment apparent tranquility prevails, but there is good authority for the statement that hostility against the present Haytian government is growing more intense. It is stated that advantage will be taken of the presence in the harbor of the United States warships to make an armed demonstration, not in the expectation of overthrowing the government, but in the hope of precipitating a landing of marines, and, following this, American intervention.

King Warding Off Influenza

The absence of King Edward of England during the cabinet crisis has provoked such comment and criticism, as well as suspicion, that there may be some underlying reason connected with the king's health. A semi-official explanation was issued at London to the effect that his visit to Biarritz was undertaken in conformity with the opinion of his medical advisers, owing to repeated attacks of influenza to which the king has been subject during the spring for a number of years past.

De Sagen Tired of America

Prince Helle de Sagen of France died in public with Mme. Anna Gould at New York Thursday for the first time since his arrival in America in the restaurant of the St. Regis. After the dinner the prince went to the Trier Morse apartments, where he spent the evening with Mrs. Morse and Mme. Gould. The prince said that he intended to leave very soon and hoped that he would never see America again.

Roy Cannot Be Extradited

The French ministry of justice, to which the foreign office at Paris turned over the request of the United States for the extradition of Paul L. Roy, a Frenchman who has been accused by his wife of killing her brother at Newington, N. H., has decided that no law exists in this country under which Roy can be given over to the American authorities, but it rules that Roy can be prosecuted in France.

Out For Gray's Nomination

The boom of Judge George Gray of Delaware for the Democratic presidential nomination was launched in Pennsylvania by the organization of the "George Gray League" at a meeting in Philadelphia. An executive committee was named and resolutions were adopted pledging the support of the members to use every honorable means to secure the nomination of Gray at the Denver convention.

Important Banking Change

The old established National Bank of the Republic, for many years one of the leading national banks of Boston, has transferred its business and assets for liquidation to the National Shawmut bank, the largest national bank in New England. The change went into effect this morning, when the business of the National Bank of the Republic began to be transacted through the Shawmut.

Race of Trans-Atlantic Liners

After a race of 2857 miles which began in Queenstown harbor, the Teutonic of the White Star line and the Caronia of the Cunard line arrived at New York, Teutonic beating Caronia by one hour and twenty-six minutes. The steamships were never more than ten miles apart, leading alternately. The race furnished the passengers with exceptional amusement during the passage.

Order Regarding Postage Stamps

Postmaster General Meyer issued an order at Washington on Wednesday permitting the perforation of United States postage stamps for the purpose of identification only. It is aimed to protect large users of stamps against theft. Certain restrictions as to size and method of perforation are contained in the order.

Receiver For Telephone Company

In court at Newark, N. J., Vice Chancellor Howell appointed Frederick T. Johnson as receiver of the United States Independent Telephone company, which was recently declared insolvent. The company is incorporated for \$50,000,000.

Went Into Streets Naked

Doukhobors paraded naked on the streets at Fort William, Ont. Forty cast off their clothing, but only fifteen reached the streets. The police arrested them, taking them to the station in closed carriages, where they were held for trial.

TO CAPTURE PALACE

Original Intention of Republican
Plot in Portugal

DETAILS OF THE CONSPIRACY

Premier Became Aware of Its Existence and Immediately Had Some
of Leaders Arrested—Assassination
of King and Crown Prince Resulted

Lisbon, April 10.—The *Temps* publishes a history obtained, it says, from an inside source, of a Republican plot in Portugal, confirming the existence, prior to the assassination of King Carlos and the crown prince, of a veritable revolutionary organization, in which, it says, all the Republican leaders except Bernardino Machado were involved. New and interesting details are given in the article concerning the distribution of arms and bombs, and the support in the army which the revolutionists had obtained.

The plan of the organization was to take the palace by assault, to capture the king and members of the royal family and to hold them as hostages while a coup d'etat was being effected. A blunder on the part of one of the conspirators placed some threads of the plot in the possession of Premier Franco, who immediately dispatched police forces to the headquarters of the plotters, resulting in the arrest of Almeida, Chagas and a half a dozen other leaders.

This occurred about the middle of January last, when the police surprised the conspirators in session and later found large stores of revolvers, bombs and ammunition. This precipitated matters in Lisbon and a few days later another uprising was checked before it began.

The final coup was planned for Jan. 26, when a provisional government was to be proclaimed, but Franco succeeded in foiling the conspirators. Senor Brava, Costa and Moniz, other leaders in the movement, were trapped in the national library as they were awaiting the signal, and were placed under arrest. Senor Alpoim alone escaped.

Franco, then believing it to be a question of life or death for him, hurried the minister of justice to Villa Vicosa to obtain the consent of the king to the famous decree giving the premier absolute power to crush the government's enemies. This meant death, banishment or exile for the Republican conspirators.

It was too late for collective action and, according to *The Temps*, the individual revolutionary group at once decreed the king's assassination, selecting Brava and his confederates to execute the order. After King Manuel's accession the government decided to draw a veil over the murders, as a serious investigation "would compromise too many persons and parties."

The Temps informant is pessimistic over the future. He says that the sole occupation of the leaders of the Regenerators and Progressists since they resumed power has been to remain quiet and divide the spoils. Now, he adds, having had a division half and half, their electoral machine has turned out sixty-two Regenerators and fifty-nine Progressists.

Big Schooner Is Doomed

New York, April 10.—Leaking badly and with seven feet of water in her hold, the five-masted schooner *George A. Hudson* lies high on the beach on the Long Island coast, with slight chance of ever being pulled off. Captain Gardner and his crew of eighteen men are aboard the schooner. The *Hudson* is of 2258 gross tons and 206 feet long.

Orders to Recruiting Officers

Washington, April 10.—To prevent military service in its most attractive light and in that way encourage enlistments in the army, Chief of Staff Bell has directed that all officers and enlisted men employed in the recruiting service must wear their nearest military apparel, either the dress uniform, or the white uniform, according to the season.

An Anti-Anarchist Message

Washington, April 10.—An appeal to congress to prohibit the circulation of anarchist literature was embodied in a short message sent by President Roosevelt to the Capitol. Together with the message was a report from Attorney General Bonaparte, reviewing the legal aspects of the matter.

Millers Want Tariff Change

Chicago, April 10.—A resolution was adopted by members of the Millers' National Federation, in convention here, to petition congress to amend the tariff law so as to admit Canadian wheat billed for foreign countries free of duty. The memorial will be forwarded to Washington.

Error in Counting License Vote

Lincoln, Neb., April 10.—After long consultation members of the excise board declared that the anti-prohibition forces carried the city by a majority of 220 and that an error was made in the first count, making it appear that the "drys" had won.

Soldiers Take "Night Riders"

Murray, Ky., April 10.—Soldiers have arrested eight alleged "night riders" in this county. They are all young farmers. They were placed in jail. Planation was issued last night to the

Not Interested in Gas Deal

New York, April 10.—At the offices of the Standard Oil company it is denied that Standard Oil interests have obtained control of the Pacific Gas and Electric company. Referring to reports from San Francisco that such a deal had been made, President Archibald of the Standard Oil company made an absolute denial.

DEED OF INSANE MAN

Believed to Have Set Fire Which
Killed Wife, Son and Self

Boston, April 10.—After investigation the state police have agreed with the Belmont police that the fire in that town, March 26, when the whole Blomquist family was burned to death and their home destroyed, was deliberately set by Ernest W. Blomquist, the father. He is known to have been insane for several months before the fire.

Blomquist's wife, Charlotte, and his son, Lewis, 10 years old, died with him. According to the police theory Blomquist, after his wife and son had retired for the night, went stealthily about the house, sprinkling oil in every room from the family oil can. This was done even on the beds where his wife and son slept.

Then he is said to have lighted a match and set fire to the oil-saturated curtains of the room where his wife lay asleep.

Sacrificed Life For a Cat

Boston, April 10.—Mrs. Catherine C. Tucker, a lover of cats and for more than twenty-five years matron of a reform hospital, lost her life last night. Her favorite cat, Bobbie, upset a lamp, and in an effort to save the cat from harm Mrs. Tucker received burns from which she died. Two weeks ago Mrs. Tucker was obliged by old age to send away the 100 cats in her hospital and she retained only "Bobbie," which she declared she would care for until her death. Both lost their lives by the fire.

Offer to the Unemployed

Providence, April 10.—With a view to aiding in the relief of the large number of persons in Rhode Island who at present are unemployed, Anthony Corcoran, a local real estate dealer, has offered the free use of vacant lots to all persons who are willing to raise garden truck on them this year. Each person who expresses a desire to plant seeds and care for the vegetables as they grow will be assigned one of these lots.

To Seek Clues in Newfoundland

Boston, April 10.—In the absence of Chief of Police Urquhart of Arlington, who has started for St. Johns, there are no developments in the mystery of the death of Annie Mullins, the Cambridge domestic. Urquhart is bound for Newfoundland to question her relatives and also to interview a sailor, who is said to have left Boston for St. John's shortly after the discovery of the crime.

Full Recovery Will Be Slow

Boston, April 10.—The condition of Governor Guild has shown such favorable progress during the present week that his relatives and immediate friends look for his recovery. They admit, however, that it will be quite a long while before the governor can be as active as before his illness.

Democrats Forced a Quorum

Washington, April 10.—Three times yesterday in the house the Democrats caught the Republicans "napping" and forced them to produce a quorum. On one other occasion a vote by tellers disclosed the absence of a quorum, but Speaker Cannon summarily applied the Reed rule and declared a quorum present. Notwithstanding repeated roll-calls, progress was made in the transaction of public business. The house took a recess until today.

Two Women Diamond Robbers

The jewelry store of Boyd Park, Salt Lake City, was robbed Friday by two women of a tray of diamonds and other precious stones, valued at \$20,000. The robbery was committed while the store was full of customers. No arrests have been made.

DEEP CRACKS FROM ECZEMA

Could Lay State-Pencil in One—
Hands in Dreadful State—Dis-
ease Defied Remedies and Pre-
scriptions—Suffered Seven Years.

FOUND A PERMANENT CURE IN CUTICURA

"I had eczema on my hands for about seven years and during that time I had used several so-called remedies, together with physicians' prescriptions. The doctor said it was eczema and was cured on my hands that I could lay a state-pencil in one of the cracks and a ridge placed across the hand would not touch the pencil. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and others externally, but I did not use any internal remedy, and while some gave partial relief, none relieved as much as did the first box of Cuticura Ointment. I made a purchase of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my hands were perfectly cured after two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, and one cake of soap were used. I now keep them on hand for burn, etc., and use Cuticura Soap for shaving. I could write a great deal more in reference to my cure but do not want to take more of your time. William F. Dean, Newark, Del., Feb. 28, 1907."

CHILD SUFFERED

With Sores on Legs. Cured in
Two Weeks by Cuticura.

"My little daughter suffered with sores on her legs all last summer. Her feet were sore, too, and she couldn't wear her shoes. I think she was poisoned by running through weeds but the doctor said it was eczema. I tried several remedies but failed to find a cure. Then I sent for Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment which cured her in two weeks. I find Cuticura the best I ever tried for any kind of sore and I hope I shall never be without it. Mrs. Gertrude Laughlin, Irydale, W. Va., Apr. 25, 1907."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Itchy Eruptions, and All kinds of Cutaneous Diseases, such as the Eczema, Scabies, Psoriasis, etc., to Heal the Skin, Cure the Blood, and Remove the Cause of the Disease. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Smith, of the New York Dispensary, New York, N.Y. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

YOUR BUSINESS

We solicit your business, and are always glad to consult and advise with those who do business with us or contemplate placing business in our hands. All matters intrusted to us are held strictly confidential.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY.
THOMAS P. PROKHAM, Treasurer.

SCHREIER'S,
143 Thames Street, Phone 1133
Easter Attractions in Millinery

Those desiring a nice Trimmed Hat or Toque will find an immense selection here

SPECIAL FOR EASTER TRADE We have a fine Selection of Childrens Hats ready trimmed at Popular Prices

LADIES' WILL DO WELL TO LEAVE THEIR ORDERS FOR EASTER HATS EARLY TO AVOID THE RUSH

Schreier's ...The...
Leading House
143 THAMES STREET.

Pocahontas Pittston
Georges Creek Lehigh
Lykens Valley
Lorberry Cannel

COAL

NEWPORT COAL COMPANY,
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Telephone 222.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

SOUVENIR POSTALS.
You can find anything you want in our assortment of
SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS.
ALSO A VERY COMPLETE LINE OF
NICE STATIONERY
FROM TEN CENTS PER BOX UP
At Postal Station, No. 1, 174 Broadway.
S. S. THOMPSON.

Cleveland House
27 CLARKE STREET.
The most modern and up to date House in the City.
A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.
Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.
Apply to CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

PERRY HOUSE,
WASHINGTON SQUARE.
OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
Rates, 25 up. Special Rates by the Week.
F. H. WISWELL, Prop.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.
Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.
If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, or if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Optical prescriptions given personal attention.
118 SPRING STREET.
1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages
TO RENT AT
BLOCK ISLAND.
H. S. MILLIKIN,
Real Estate Agent

Is It Anybody's Business.

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady?
If the lady don't refuse?
Or to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the lady should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The misdeed lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business
If the lady, if her beau
Thinks out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business
That the gentleman if he
Shouldn't accept another escort
Where he doesn't chance to meet?

If a person on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or, if you see a person
As he's walking anywhere,
Is it anybody's business
What his business may be there?

A Sleigh Ride.

One sleigh,
One horse,
One moon,
Of course,
One maid, who engages to you, nothing loth.

One arm,
Well placed
Around
One waist,
Closely tucked around you
Both.

A race,
A dash,
A cheer,
A crash,
And you and she are sprawling on the way.

A drink,
A bite,
A loud
Good night,
A groan when you look at your purse next
day.

The Traveler.

He was a nobby traveler,
A drummer from New York,
Who never ate his pie unless
He did it with a fork.

One day he saw a pretty girl,
Upon the "through express,"
Who couldn't get the window up,
And seemed in sore distress.

"Ah, Miss, permit me," and he drew
To help the fair young girl,
He fixed the window and began
His fine minuet to swirl.

And smiling like a son of Gaul
(The French are always sweet),
He asked if he could occupy
A portion of the seat.

She blushed and she sized him up—
She shook her pretty hair,
And said to him in quiet tones,
"Ain't you a traveling man?"

"Yes, Miss," he answered sweet and low,
And reached out for her hair,
"But is it such a grievous sin
To be a traveling man?"

"Frankenhol," she made reply,
"But father seems to think
Twixt bad and worse the traveler makes
The great connecting link."

"He's out there on the platform now,
And looking pretty blue,
Self you are a traveling man
You'll travel p. d. q."

MORAL.

He traveled.

"Only."

Only a trifle yet broken
Are seals that were heavy and strong,
Only a word lightly spoken,
Yet the soul bareth forth into song.

Only a dewdrop yet brighter
The verdure of meadow and lawn;
Only a sunbeam, yet lighter
And fairer the rosy dawn.

Only a day, a more glimmer
Of time, as it vanishes fast;
Only a day, growing dimmer
Mid shadows and gloom of the past.

Only a day, yet foretold
He impales with this time remain;
And the fruit of his labors shall never
Be given to ripen again.

Only a day, just the ripple
Of a leaf on life's stream flowing fast;
Yet bearing an arroyo triple,
The future, the present, the past.

Time was, when it glittered before thee,
A part of a future's dream,
And brighter the heaven's were, o'er thee
With hopestar's Utopian beam.

Time is, when it hovers around thee,
Add hours an hour by the side;
While apple of fair promise that bound thee
Go drifting away with the tide.

Time will be when, dawneth the morrow,
When vanished for aye it will be;
A token of pleasure or sorrow,
Its only remembrance for thee.

Only a day, not yet e'er
It moments for getting shall be,
Till bubbles of time stream forever
Are whirled in eternally sea.

Content.

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am blind;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

I cannot read his future plan,
But this I know:
I have the feeling of his face,
And all the refuge of his grace,
While here below.

Enough; their evers all my want,
And all I wish
For what I cannot see,
And in His arms I sure shall be
Forever blest.

He Was Annoyed.

"No, no," he replied sadly; "but I
am dissatisfied. My father is dead."
—Ami Lippincott.

In a Great Western railway carriage
on the way up to London a youth had
been disturbed and annoyed by the other
passengers during a great part of the
journey. As they passed Hanwell Lunatic
asylum he remarked, "I often
think how nice the asylum looks from
the railway."

"Some day," growled an old gentle-
man, "you will probably have oc-
casion to remark how nice the railway
looks from the asylum."—London An-
swer.

Alcohol in France.

The alcohol question is of immediate interest in France, where the spread of drinking among all classes of the population has excited alarm. So far France threw open its columns to eminent French doctors, the question propounding being, "Is Alcohol a Food or Not?"

Dr. Roux says that while it may be admitted that alcohol may be found under certain conditions, that does not limit the need for fighting against it, as those who drink alcohol will never consent to drink it in small quantities—as a rule. There is no doubt whatever that alcohol is harmful in the way it is taken. Prof. Mechnikoff says that alcohol is merely a poison.

Dr. Broussard denounces alcohol as an element of physical decadence and moral ruin for the greatest part of the European nations. Dr. Richet says that alcohol is a food; when taken pure in small doses, it is practically non-injurious. But from the economic point of view, it is a food without any advantages.

Prof. Laurenceau says that alcohol is dangerous, but that he thinks as much wine as three liters a day may be drunk without harm. Dr. Herclot replies by considering the cases of three men—an abstinent, an ordinary drinker, and an alcoholic—attacked by the same disease. The abstinent will recover easier, the ordinary drinker will have the next best chance, while the alcoholic will have no chance at all.

Dr. Fabre says that alcohol is one of the most potent factors in the propagation of consumption; he mentions that out of twenty-four alcoholics under his care, fourteen are tuberculous.

Prof. Joffroy is of opinion that a certain quantity of alcohol may be taken with impunity, but he nevertheless declares that it is a poison. Dr. Legrain says that alcohol may be a chemical food, but it is not a physiological or hygienic food.

The conclusion seems to be that alcohol may be a food, that depending on the definition of the word food; but that practically all the leading authorities in France regard its consumption as at best useless and at worst ruinous.

Don't Fold Your Arms.

By folding your arms you pull the shoulders forward, flatten the chest and impair deep breathing. Folding the arms across the chest so flattens it down that it requires a conscious effort to keep the chest in what should be its natural position. As soon as you forget yourself down drops the chest.

We cannot see ourselves as others see us. If we could, many of us would be ashamed of our shapes. The position you hold your body in most of the time soon becomes its natural position. Continuously folding your arms across the chest will develop a flat chest and a rounded back.

Here are four other hints which should be made habits: Keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar at all possible times; Always carry the chest farther to the front than any other part of the anterior body. Draw the abdomen in an up a hundred times a day. Take a dozen deep, slow breathes a dozen times a day.—Family Doctor.

Wasted Labor.

A candidate for parliamentary honors found himself in front of a house near which a number of children were playing.

"Madam, I may kiss these beautiful children, may I not?"

"Certainly," replied the mother.

When he had finished his wholesale contract he turned to the woman and said:

"Seldom have I seen lovelier children. Yours, madam?" The woman blushed deeply.

"Ah, of course they are," gallantly suggested the politician. "The little treasures from whom else could they have inherited those limpid eyes, those rosy cheeks, and those musical voices?"

But still the lady blushed.

"By the way, madam," said he, "may I impose upon your good nature, to the extent of asking that you tell your estimable husband that Mr. Cockrell called upon him?"

"Excuse me, sir," said the woman, "I have no husband."

"But these children, madam—surely you are not a widow?"

"I fear there's some mistake, sir. This is an orphan asylum."

Proverbs Picked Up.

"What goes up must come down." A proverb that goes up, usually comes down with very little.

"A fair exchange is no robbery." If it's an exchange of hard cash for bitter experience, we are very apt to think it is.

"You can't judge a man by his appearance." Yet we have known a woman to judge her husband by his appearance home at 24, m.

"Only the good die young." Only good husbands do, judging from the statements of widows who marry again.

"It takes two to make a quarrel"—but hubby and wife, though one, can pull up a pretty good imitation.

"Necessity is the mother of invention"—and say, isn't she the deuce for hanging around when a fellow is wooing her daughter?—Boston Transcript.

"I have seen many fantastic and humorous advertisements in newspapers during my somewhat lengthy career," once said Col. Henry Waterson, in an address to a convention of journalists, according to Harper's Weekly, "but quite the most interesting and oddest of these was an ad. that I chanced upon in London. It was printed in the old old Times, and, as I remember it, ran something like this:

"A young gentleman who is on the point of getting married is most desirous of meeting a man of experience who will take the responsibility of disbanding him from this dangerous step."

The late James McNeill Whistler was standing bareheaded in a hat shop, the clerk having taken his hat to another part of the shop for comparison. A man lashed in with hat in his hand, and, supposing Whistler to be a clerk, angrily confronted him, says Every-body's Magazine.

"See here," he said, "this hat doesn't fit."

Whistler eyed the stranger critically from head to foot and then drawled out:

"Well, neither does your coat. What's more, if you'll pardon my saying so, I'll be hanged if I care much for the color of your trousers."

A Wonderful Dog.

Then I resolved to teach him to spell his name. I drew the letters of the alphabet on square bits of card board and laid them in front of him, the letters of his name mixed in with others which he was not to use. I did not teach him the names of the letters but simply said: "Let me see you spell your name. Where is the first letter?"

"* * * The second letter?" and so on until he had spelled the word. I spent five or six lessons teaching him, but he learned very readily. I thought, however, that when I taught him another word, and asked for the letters in order, he would not know which "first letter" to choose. For this reason I drilled him very carefully in his name, and did not teach him anything new for several months. Then I taught him to spell his last name. I seemed to learn it as fast as I told him the letters, and did not confuse the two words in the least. More surprised than ever, I taught him still another word with the same result.

Next I decided to try arithmetic. I taught him to add every combination of two as far as twelve. For instance, I would say, "Show me six and two," at the same time putting his foot on eight. He seemed never to forget after I had once told him. Later I taught him to add the "threes." Suddenly one day I noticed that when I said for the first time, "Where is seven and three?" he put his foot on the correct answer before I showed it to him. I said, "Show me three and eight." He put his foot on once on eleven. I gave him problems in multiplication and division. He got them all right. The problems were entirely new to him, and in no case did I indicate the result to him beforehand. Not knowing what to think, I took out the letters and said, "Spell dog." This was a word which he had never spelled before, and I gave him no clue whatever, yet he spelled it correctly and without hesitation. I said, "Translate it into German, Roger," and he spelled "hund." Then I said "Spell it in French," and he spelled "chien."

I merely placed the letters of the words before him, mixed in with others, and he put his foot on the correct letters in turn. I showed him playing cards which he had never seen, and he picked them out correctly. Not once did I previously indicate the proper cards. He seemed to know them without even being told. I resolved to experiment a little, so I took out the figures again and said, "Show me two times three," at the same time fixing my attention on the eight. He put his foot firmly on eight. Here was the clue! All this time when he seemed to be learning so rapidly he had been simply getting the cards of which I thought.

No further education was necessary. He could spell anything which I could spell without being taught. I asked for "Constantinople," "philis," "pneumonia," and for problems like two times three plus four divided by two minus one. He never made a mistake. Fractious presented no difficulties to him. He selected colors correctly the first time he saw them and made changes as quickly as any cashier. I also found that he would do his other tricks for me without being asked. If I merely thought of him as he looked when he was a "dead dog," he straightway became a "dead dog." At first he would not perform at all for any one else, but sometimes when another person was working with him and several other people were present he got the cards I thought of when I was out of sight in the farther corner of the room. Now, however, he will perform for several of my friends, when I am not present, selecting the cards of which they think. Of course, he does not do so well for them as he does for me and if I am present he gets the card I think of regardless of any one else.—B. B. B's "Roger," in the February Century.

The Working Man.

He lay awake nights with the problems of life.
He thought of the troubles his country
He thought of the troubles his country
They bore on his mind with a wearying weight
And rubbed him of slumber, so soothing
He thought of his country went merrily on
And missed all the troubles his fancy
could see,
But all of the time his conclusions were
clear—
On terrible troubles that truly might be—
So he worried about it.

He worried a lot on the state of his health.
He never needed he pay physicians a bill.
He worried about the disturbance of wealth,
Though he found it easy his wallet to fill.
He frowned in the sunshine for fear it would
rain.
He stepped in his arm lying to think of the
time.
Though pleasure was his, still the boggy of
doubt—
Rode up to increase all his frettings and
fears—
And he worried about it.

When things were their best, then he worried
the most.
For fear that affairs soon would go to the
back.
If any one came with a jubilant boast
He'd tell of the sorrow that other folks
had.
When fortune was his and poured in his
leg.
The best of her store—more than most
folks would choose—
He gave the chance of a little misadventure
By which he might a somehow be fitted to
lose.
And he worried about it.

At last came the day when he hadn't a
doubt.
When all was serene in his many affairs.
When nothing could possibly come and up-
set.
His profits on bonds and on stocks and on
things
He signed and he signed, and he knitted his
brow.
And he shrouded himself in a mantle of
doubt.
And gloomily said things were dangerous
now.
That he simply had nothing to worry
about.
So he worried about it.

A veteran naval surgeon, speaking of the old things that crop out in the service, said that one of the younger medical cranks in the navy discovered much virtue in sea water, and no matter what disease came on his first action was to throw down the patient's throat a large dose of the nauseating liquid.

The crew soon learned to hate him thoroughly. In process of time he fell overboard in a choppy sea, and a great bustle ensued. In the midst of it the captain came up and anxiously inquired the cause. "Oh, nothing," said a sailor, "only the doctor has fallen into his medicine chest!"

names had not been mentioned at first, I should have kept on asking for more names until they were chosen. As to the writing in milk, that's a good trick, because if done carefully it never fails.—Carolyn Wells in the Children's Magazine.

CASTORIA.

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT

IN USE FOR OVER 30 YEARS.

THE CERTAUR COMPANY, 77 BROADWAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Steve Brodie, the Bridge Jumper, as a Self Advertiser.

Curiously enough, the man who, in my opinion, had the keenest intuition of the value of publicity and used it to the greatest personal advantage, when we consider his humble beginnings and the limited sphere of his endeavor, never really knew how to read and write. I knew him first as a young street urchin, making his living by selling newspapers, blacking boots, running errands and doing such odd jobs as fell in his way, and it was chiefly through selling newspapers, whose headlines alone he was barely able to decipher, that he gained that knowledge of what "black row calls" "news values," which one finds in every trained and efficient city editor.

It was on the strength of this knowledge that this bootblack went one day to a well known wholesale liquor dealer on the east side and proposed that he should establish him in a saloon on lower Broadway. The liquor dealer was against at his presumption until he learned his scheme; then he capitulated at once, and within a few days the papers had been signed and twenty-four hours' option secured on rickety and, from nearly every inauspicious point of view, undesirable premises near Canal street and directly under the noisiest and dustiest and oldest part of the elevated railroad. This done, the bootblack made his way to the very center of the Brooklyn bridge, climbed hastily to the top of the parapet and, heedless of the warning shouts of the horrified onlookers and the swift rush of a painting cop, dropped into the seething waters below.

It was an unknown youth with an earning capacity of a few dollars a week who disappeared beneath the surface of the East river, but it was an enterprising young man, an east side celebrity, in fact, all ready for the divine oil of publicity and with an assured income and possible fortune in his grasp, whose nose reappeared very shortly above the muddy surface of the water and who was helped by willing and officious hands into a rowboat, where dry clothing awaited him, together with hearty congratulations on the fact that he alone, of all those who had attempted to jump the bridge, had escaped with his life. The next day the name of Steve Brodie was dashed from one end of the country to the other, and within a very few hours after his discharge from custody—he was arrested on the charge of trying to take his own life—he was standing behind his own bar, serving drinks to the crowds who came to gaze at Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, and to pour their money into his coffers.—James L. Ford in Success Magazine.

UNFINISHED BOOKS.

Authors Who Died Leaving Stories Partly Written.

Many writers, including the famous Ouida, have died leaving behind them unfinished books. One of the best known is, of course, Dickens' "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a remarkably clever story, and one showing no signs of diminishing vitality, although he was actually at work upon it up to within a few hours of his death.

Dickens' great rival, Thackeray, again, left behind him not one only, but two unfinished stories. One of these, "Denis Duval," promised to rank with his best work. Unfortunately, however, he had completed only seven chapters when he was stricken down.

Scott, too, left a tale unended—"The Siege of Malta"—written while he was on his last futile journey in search of health. This work has never been published, although more than two-thirds of it was completed at the time of his death.

Then there was "St. Ives," left unfinished by R. L. Stevenson, as was "Zeph," by Helen Jackson, and "Blind Love," by Wilkie Collins. Buckle never completed his "History of Civilization," although he toiled at it for twenty years.

VALUE OF PUBLICITY.

Steve Brodie, the Bridge Jumper, as a Self Advertiser.

Curiously enough, the man who, in my opinion, had the keenest intuition of the value of publicity and used it to the greatest personal advantage, when we consider his humble beginnings and the limited sphere of his endeavor, never really knew how to read and write. I knew him first as a young street urchin, making his living by selling newspapers, blacking boots, running errands and doing such odd jobs as fell in his way, and it was chiefly through selling newspapers, whose headlines alone he was barely able to decipher, that he gained that knowledge of what "black row calls" "news values," which one finds in every trained and efficient city editor.

It was on the strength of this knowledge that this bootblack went one day to a well known wholesale liquor dealer on the east side and proposed that he should establish him in a saloon on lower Broadway. The liquor dealer was against at his presumption until he learned his scheme; then he capitulated at once, and within a few days the papers had been signed and twenty-four hours' option secured on rickety and, from nearly every inauspicious point of view, undesirable premises near Canal street and directly under the noisiest and dustiest and oldest part of the elevated railroad. This done, the bootblack made his way to the very center of the Brooklyn bridge, climbed hastily to the top of the parapet and, heedless of the warning shouts of the horrified onlookers and the swift rush of a painting cop, dropped into the seething waters below.

It was an unknown youth with an earning capacity of a few dollars a week who disappeared beneath the surface of the East river, but it was an enterprising young man, an east side celebrity, in fact, all ready for the divine oil of publicity and with an assured income and possible fortune in his grasp, whose nose reappeared very shortly above the muddy surface of the water and who was helped by willing and officious hands into a rowboat, where dry clothing awaited him, together with hearty congratulations on the fact that he alone, of all those who had attempted to jump the bridge, had escaped with his life. The next day the name of Steve Brodie was dashed from one end of the country to the other, and within a very few hours after his discharge from custody—he was arrested on the charge of trying to take his own life—he was standing behind his own bar, serving drinks to the crowds who came to gaze at Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, and to pour their money into his coffers.—James L. Ford in Success Magazine.

UNFINISHED BOOKS.

Authors Who Died Leaving Stories Partly Written.

Many writers, including the famous Ouida, have died leaving behind them unfinished books. One of the best known is, of course, Dickens' "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a remarkably clever story, and one showing no signs of diminishing vitality, although he was actually at work upon it up to within a few hours of his death.

Dickens' great rival, Thackeray, again, left behind him not one only, but two unfinished stories. One of these, "Denis Duval," promised to rank with his best work. Unfortunately, however, he had completed only seven chapters when he was stricken down.

Scott, too, left a tale unended—"The Siege of Malta"—written while he was on his last futile journey in search of health. This work has never been published, although more than two-thirds of it was completed at the time of his death.

Then there was "St. Ives," left unfinished by R. L. Stevenson, as was "Zeph," by Helen Jackson, and "Blind Love," by Wilkie Collins. Buckle never completed his "History of Civilization," although he toiled at it for twenty years.

Among famous poems that were never completed mention may be made of Byron's "Don Juan," Keats' "Hyperion," Coleridge's "Christabel" and Gray's "Agrippina." Spenser's "Faerie Queene," too, is no more than a fragment, although a colossal one.

Lastly, there ought to be included Ben Jonson's beautiful unfinished pastoral, "The Sad Shepherd," found by his literary executors among his papers after his death and published in its incompleteness.—Pearson's Weekly.

No Use For It.

Uncle Zebulon was on a visit to his nephew in the big city, and the two had gone to a restaurant for dinner.

They had given their order and were waiting for it to be filled when the younger man, who had been glancing at a paper that lay on the table, said:

"By the way, uncle, did you ever have cerebral spinal meningitis?"

"No," replied Uncle Zebulon after a few moments' mental struggle with the question, "and I don't want any. I'd rather have fried liver and bacon any day."

A Big Screw Driver.

"I saw a screw driver the other day that weighed 2,000 pounds."

"Nonsense."

"But I did, though."

"Where was it?"

"In the engine room of an ocean liner."—London Tit-Bits.

The Hunter.

"Do you believe that all things come to him who waits?"

"They may start for him, but usually some man who hustles overtakes them before they get to the man who waits."—Houston Post.

Kitty (lighting her cigarette)—"Don't you smoke, Claire?"

Claire—"No."

Kitty—"Well, you are behind the times."

Claire—"Oh, I don't know. I've learned to swear and bet and drink high-balls, and I've got a safety razor."

—April Lippincott.

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The Boatman's Song.

The air was chilly and the west wind brought an occasional flurry of snow. A girl stood at the foot of the stairs leading to the front door of a handsome stone mansion, and stared up at the windows. It was early evening, and the lights in the house gleamed brightly.

The girl shivered in the chilly air and drew her shawl more closely over her head. Then as if strengthened by a sudden resolution she hurried up the steps and touched the electric button.

A liveried servant answered the summons. He looked at the caller doubtfully.

"Come see da master," she said.

The man hesitated. Then a clear voice was heard from an inner doorway.

"Bring her in, Andrew."

"Come in," said the man, and as the girl stepped into the hall he closed the door behind her.

"This way," said the clear voice, and the girl pushing back her shawl from about her face, saw a young man standing at an open door. "This way."

The girl took a step or two toward him.

"Are you da master?"

"Why, yes," he lightly answered. "I suppose I am. At least, I'm something just as good. Come in."

He saw that the girl was cold; her bare hands were blue and she still shivered. He pushed an easy chair close to the grate and motioned to her to be seated.

She hesitated. Then she let the shawl slip from her shoulders and took the seat.

"Get warm before you tell me your business," said the young man. "The girl looked up at him doubtfully. Her eyes were large and very black. They seemed to study the young man's face. Then she looked back at the cheerful blaze and spread her blue hands to catch the warmth.

She was a girl of fifteen perhaps. Her complexion was dark, her hair and eyes black, her garments shabby, her shoes much worn.

Her big eyes were still watching the flames when she spoke.

"You putts some thing in dees paper," she said, and from a hidden recess of her shabby garments produced a bit of newspaper. It evidently had been torn carefully from an advertising page.

"Yes," said the young man leaning forward. "I advertised a lost necklace. Have you found it?"

She shook her head.

"No," she answered, her eyes still upon the fire. "I no find. Pietro find. Pietro come me."

"And why didn't Pietro come himself?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Pietro find."

"Afraid of me? But I promised there should be no questions asked."

"Pietro find police."

"And went you?"

"He send me."

The young man nodded.

"And what does Pietro expect me to do? Give you the reward?"

She shook her head vigorously. "No. You come with me. I take you to Pietro. You give da \$200; Pietro give da necklace."

"I see," said the young man. "But how am I to know that Pietro has the necklace my sister lost? I'd like to have some proof of it before I visit him."

The girl nodded.

"Pietro find da necklace wiz twenty-eight pearl."

"That's right," said the young man promptly. "And my sister will be glad to know it is found. She is out at dinner or I would call her in and let her thank you."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Two hundred dollar plenty thanks," she said.

He was watching closely.

"I think you are Neapolitan," he said.

She turned suddenly and flashed quick look at him.

"How you know?"

"I have been in Italy," he answered. "I was at Naples several months. I was not well. The doctor thought the air would do me good."

The girl let her shawl drop. Her cheeks were reddened, her eyes sparkled. A sudden prettiness displaced her sullen expression.

"You have been to Napoli," she eagerly cried. "You have been seek in Napoli? How happen?" Her voice dropped to an ecstatic murmur. "I would rather die in Napoli than live here!"

The young man smiled sympathetically.

"It is quite evident you are homesick," he said. "I think I felt much the same way when I was in Italy. What is your name?"

"Tessa."

He suddenly smiled.

"Do you remember this, Tessa?"

He turned and stepped between the heavy curtains into the next room.

A moment later the girl heard him touch the keys of a piano. Then his voice arose in a simple ballad. He sang it in Italian and the girl's hands gripped the chair as she listened:

"Caro mio, mine always;
What is it the ripples say?
What is it the soft winds bring?
What is it the swallows sing?
What is it the clear bells ring?
Caro mio, mine always,
That is what they seem to say.
His voice died away in a little tremolo, and he arose and went back to the other room.

The girl had slipped down in the easy chair and was sobbing bitterly. As he approached she raised her head quickly and dashed away the tears. Then she caught his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"You know da Boatman's song," she said with a quivering sigh. "You are Tessa's friend."

He laughed as he drew his hand away.

"You're a child of the motherland all right," he said. "And are you quite warm now?"

"Yes, yes," she answered. "We go finda Pietro now." She gave a quick laugh. "Eef I no come he keel me."

The man frowned.

"Is Pietro a Neapolitan?"

"Pietro is Neapolitan." Then she suddenly arose and drew up her shawl.

"You will go with me?"

"Yes," he promptly answered. "Whenever you are ready. Are you sure you are quite warm?"

"Yes, yes. Come."

He brought his hat and coat from the hall.

"Part of this reward should go to you," he said. "I think you need it."

"Come," said the girl.

They passed out together, the girl hurrying the man as if she had hurried too long. They turned at a cross street and presently entered a two-

ment section of the East Side. It was not an attractive region. The buildings were dingy and gloomy, and the streets were poorly lighted.

The man had an impression that they were followed. When they emerged from the house he fancied a fellow who was loitering on the opposite of the way was watching their appearance. But the girl moved steadily ahead, looking neither to the right nor left, and she was singularly quiet.

Presently she turned and led him down a lonely court.

The man was not afraid. He was young and a little reckless and he was armed. But it was a dark and gloomy court.

The girl stopped before a door.

"Pietro here," she said. Then she asked as she gently laid her hand on the man's arm, "Tessa's friend."

The hall behind the door was very dark and very narrow. Then there was a narrow stair to climb. The girl led the way and when the top was reached she pushed a door open and the man found himself in a room a medium size. A lamp was dimly burning on a table, its feeble rays bringing to view the almost painful bareness of the apartment.

The girl turned and nodded as her hand touched the knob of an inner door.

"Senda Pietro," she said and stepping across the threshold quickly closed the door behind her.

The man stared about him. No doubt he was a fool to put himself in such a trap. His fingers closed over the handle of his weapon. They shouldn't find him an easy victim. But perhaps he was borrowing trouble. The girl didn't even like the associate of criminals. This man Pietro might be a party thief. That was why he feared the police.

Then his attention was caught by the voice of the girl. The partition was too thick to enable him to catch the words. She was talking in Italian rapidly and nervously. A man's voice answered her. This seemed a case where the listener could be excused, but strain his ears as he would, the man could not catch a word. Then the girl's voice suddenly rose, the other speaker gave a quick exclamation, and immediately the door was opened and the girl came into the room.

She was breathing heavily as she closed the door behind her and stood with her back against it.

"Pietro come soon," she said.

"Yes," said the man. "I am waiting for him."

You have da money what you say you give?"

"Yes. Pietro shall have it when he shows me the necklace."

The man watched her closely. He fancied she was trying to gain time. Suddenly she hurried across the room and tried the other door. It had been locked from the outside. She looked around and caught the man's glance.

"Pietro very careful," she said.

She looked at the man in a confused way. Then she glanced at the inner door.

It opened quickly and a stranger appeared in the doorway, a swarthy man, short and stout.

"You look da necklace?" he abruptly said to the man.

"My sister lost it. Are you Pietro?"

The swarthy man nodded.

"You say you give two hundred. Is it so?"

"Yes. Show me the necklace."

"You make no trouble?"

"No."

"Show me da money."

With his right hand on the revolver in the side pocket of his coat, the man drew a roll of bills from his vest pocket. "Here it is."

As he said this his eye caught sight of the girl's face. She seemed to be staring at something behind him. Before he could swing himself around a pair of stout arms were thrown about him, there was a scream and a choking cry from the girl, the lamp went down with a crash and he was struggling wildly about the room.

It was not a long struggle. He was overpowered and hurled to the floor, his head striking the wall as he fell and for a little time he was unconscious. When he came to himself his arms and legs were bound and a handkerchief was tied tightly about his mouth. His head ached, his thoughts were confused. There were several dark forms about him, and somehow he felt in Italian: "Look out for the girl!"

A moment later another voice cried: "The girl has gone!" Then a voice said: "We must get him away from here." Two men seized him and half carried, half dragged him into the hall and down a stairway and along a dark passage, stopping now and then to rest. It seemed a long distance to the half-stunned victim, but presently they pushed him through an open doorway into a room and, closing the door quickly, left him there.

He judged from the dampness of the atmosphere and the musty odor that he was in a cellar. The cool air revived him, his thoughts grew clearer. Presently he turned his face to the floor and by dint of rubbing at the stifling handkerchief presently freed himself from it. But his hands and legs were securely bound.

With the gag removed he could cry out, but he doubted if he could be heard. No ray of light entered the room. He thought it must be an inner apartment under some ancient tenement.

What would happen to him? Had the wretches left him there to die? He was sure they had robbed him. Of course it was to rob him that he was lured to the place. What a dolt he was to be led into this easy pitfall. But the girl. Was she in the plot? He couldn't lie there and die like a poisoned dog. He tugged and strained at the cords in vain. He was wasting his strength. He dropped back exhausted.

He had gone away from home and left no clew. It wasn't probable there would be any search for him before morning.

And the girl? Was she really his friend? Poor homeless creature. How she had flushed and trembled and wept when he sang the "Boatman's Song." He hadn't sung it since his return from abroad. How quickly the words came back to him!

And lying there on the cell-like floor he sang the song again.

"Caro mio, mine always;
What is it the ripples say?
What is it the soft winds bring?
What is it the swallows sing?
What is it the clear bells ring?
Caro mio, mine always,
That is what they seem to say."

He suddenly paused. Was another voice joining in with his, or was it fancy?

"Caro mio, o'er the sea,
I am calling, love, to thee."

There was another voice! It was the voice of the girl. Her hand was on the latch of the door. She was in the room. In another moment she had cut him free from his bonds.

"I look for you," she hysterically cried. "I no can find. I say 'He is dead.' Then I hear you sing. It is the 'Boatman's Song.' I sing it back to you. I come so quick. Now I take you away. If Pietro come we keel him!"

She helped the man to his feet and presently led him, watchfully and surely back to the street. They were both quiet until at the safe distance from the tenement.

"See," said the girl, "here is da necklace. I know where Pietro hide it. You pay what you say you pay. It is yours." He took the necklace and slipped it into his pocket. He tried to thank the girl, but his thoughts were still confused. "Now," she said, "I go home."

"Where?"

"I do not know. When Pietro find what I have done he will keel me—or I will keel him!"

The man touched the girl's arm. "Do you want to go back to Naples?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Have you friends there, a home?"

"Yes," she cried.

"Then you shall go back."

"Oh, oh!" she cried in ecstasy.

He led her on and presently they were at his home. And then they went up the steps and he rang the bell.

"Andrew," he said, a little unsteadily, "send Angelo to me."

A moment later a maid appeared in an inner doorway.

"Angelo," said the man, "this young lady is your mistress' guest tonight. Take her to her room and see that she looks for nothing." The girl entered. "Tomorrow she is going home."

The girl sprang forward and caught his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"Tessa's friend," she sobbed. "W. R. Rose is Cleveland Plain Dealer."

The Fretful Baby.

Infantility is a danger-sign, and indicates that something is wrong with either the child or its mother. The child is sick or in pain or discomfort, or else it has been allowed, through poor management by the mother or nurse, to contract a peevish habit.

An infant which is manifestly ill is likely to be fretful, but in this case the fretfulness is obviously a symptom of the disease. But there are many other cases in which this condition is not so distinctly associated with disease, yet there must be some cause for it, which should be searched for and removed when found.

The most common causes for fretfulness are pain, discomfort and hunger. A great variety of conditions, some obvious, others obscure, may produce pain. It may be due to beginning disease of the spine or in the hip, or some other joint. In such a case, which is very rare in a well-nourished infant, but does sometimes occur, besides the fretfulness and occasional screaming fits during the day, the baby is apt to give a scream now and then in its sleep at night. The child who does this repeatedly every night, or nearly every night, would be very carefully examined as to its spine and its joints, in order that disease, if present, may be detected early and treated promptly.

Another common cause of pain in the young infant is indigestion of the ear. In this case the pain is usually very acute, and finds expression in screaming rather than mere fretfulness.

Infantile scurvy is accompanied by great soreness of the muscles, which causes the child to cry pitifully whenever it is taken up or handled in any way. Most commonly, however, the fretfulness of pain is due to indigestion, evidenced by vomiting, constipation or diarrhoea.

When the milk is deficient to fat the baby is almost always constipated, and then, although apparently in good health and well nourished, it will be in a continual state of fret. The correction of this may be secured by a more generous diet on the part of the mother, or the administration to the baby four or five times a day, just before feeding, of a few drops of oil shaken up in weak solution of bicarbonate of soda or milk or magnesia. Temporary relief may be obtained by warm applications to the abdomen; this will quiet almost any peevish infant for a time, at least.

Discomfort from creases in the clothing, the rubbing of a frayed edge of cloth, or the scratching of a concealed pin will make the sweetest tempered baby peevish.

Hunger will naturally make a baby peevish, but it is bad practice to stop the child's mouth with milk or give him a "comforter" to suck upon whenever he cries. The fretfulness itself should not be treated, but its cause should be sought for and removed.—Youth's Companion.

"What salary do you want?" asked the employer.

"Twelve dollars per."

"Per week, per month, or perhaps?"

"How shall we announce our engagement?"

"Tell a couple of your girl friends and make them promise not to tell," Houston Post.

"What did you think of my speech?" asked the orator.

"It was beautiful," said the young woman. "It made me think of my commencement essay."

The eagle can withstand a 25 day fast.

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Blinded much cows are being sent from America to Japan.

Dollars and Divorces.

Another tragedy of Pittsburg sudden wealth passed to a new act recently in the decree of divorce, undefended, granted against the President of the United States Steel Corporation. When the full story of the "steel millionaires" comes to be written, it will need no juvenile to point the moral of human vanity. The sordid details of weak heads turned and characters as unstable as water swept away to ruin; the heaping up of money meaning the heaping up of scandal and sorrow and crime; the rush of the new rich into the vice which they seem to think must be as vulgar and flaunting as their wealth will bear—all this will be in its own truth, as old as Solomon, as new as the latest transcript from the criminal court.—New York Evening Post.

The Fat of the Land.

Among the subjects popularly supposed to be of general interest in social topics, the weather takes precedence, by right of age, closely followed by the servant question. Observation, however, leads me to think that there is today a theme of even more universal appeal. I refer to Flesh. Have we not all noticed how the ice of even a Boston tea party melt if one lady declines sugar on the plea that it is fattening? Instantly tongues that were jied are loosed, for a touch of fatness makes the whole world kin. The magic phrase "too stout" acts as a general intonation, and each guest is so busy telling her experiences in various systems for lessening avoidments that none has time to listen.

Why has this mania for calculation struck the community? I am myself something of a fatalist on the subject of fat, and, having the figure of a mothball, I feel that my craving for a waistline is simply the desire of the moth for the star, and I have learned to find compensations in the immediate sphere of my sorrow—that sphere being myself.

To my possibly prejudiced point of view, there seem to be certain very desirable moral attributes accompanying a generous adipose deposit. Stout people are generally good-natured, warm-hearted, lovable and kind. Thin people are often suspicious, sensitive, selfish, censorious.

Stout people have perhaps the virtues of inertia; patience, restfulness, peaceableness, a certain sedentary sympathy—but why should they not accept this fat as a fact and make the best of it? The stout are almost always popular with other people, the thin with themselves.

Let us eat potatoes and drink water, for to-morrow we die, and we might just as well laugh and be fat to-day.

Man, being on a larger scale than woman, feels no more concern about his unsightly waist-line than that with which the earth regards the equator. He feels that all flesh is grass, and that it doesn't very much matter whether his individual crop is more abundant than his neighbor's. He submits to his natural tendency, enjoys life, and accepts good-naturedly the thousand natural shocks that his over-abundant flesh is heir to.

Let me assure my brothers and sisters to the bonds of flesh that they will be happier themselves and less wearisome to others if they will cease to think and talk of their size, and will instead cultivate the qualities that are theirs by right of their superior weight.

It is worth to sit while others stand, to eat while others toil, to rest while others roll, to sleep while others fret. I suppose it is a pleasant sensation to be slender of build, light of foot, and quick of motion, but, on the whole, I am inclined to regard a thin person as one does not regard the nudly celebrated Purple Cow. I'd rather be than see one. Give me corpulent compulsion. Let the tightly compressed dwellers in my heart's heart be stout women, and as regards the opposite sex—why, I can only devoutly echo the commentary of Oscar: "Let me have men about me that are fat!"—W. P. in April Lipincott's.

A Clever Trick.

It was only after much coaxing that the Boylston children persuaded their uncle to do some tricks at their party. So, after the young people were assembled, he good-naturedly began. "Each of you," he said, "will please think of the name of some man celebrated in American history."

"Tell me the name, and I will write them down," he said, "and if any one else speaks the name you had thought of you must choose another."

So one said Abraham Lincoln, and Uncle Bob wrote rapidly on a paper slip and dropped it into a hat. Another said Theodore Roosevelt, another George Washington, another Gen. Lee, and so on. Each time Uncle Bob wrote on a paper, folded it and dropped it into the hat.

Then, holding the hat carefully, he asked the children to select one of their own number to pick out a slip. So Beanie Morton picked out a slip and hid it carefully in her hand.

"Pass it around," said Uncle Bob, "so that all may see it, and remember the name on it, but don't speak it or let me know what it is."

The name proved to be George Washington, and each child read it, and then Uncle Bob instructed Roger Mills to turn it.

"Take this metal ashtray," he said; "crumple up the paper, lay it on the tray, touch a lighted match to it and let it burn."

Then Uncle Bob did a wonderful thing. He pushed up his sleeve, then rubbed the black paper ash on his bare forearm, and there suddenly appeared on his flesh the name George Washington clearly written in black letters.

This nearly took the children's breath away, and when he repeated the trick twice, and his arm showed Abraham Lincoln's name and next Theodore Roosevelt's, the young people decided that he was a true wizard.

Uncle Bob would not explain to the whole party how he did this trick, but he afterward told Fred and Lucy.

Although the children spoke different names, Uncle Bob wrote "George Washington" on every slip. Thus, the paper taken from the hat was sure to contain that name. Then, when he left the room apparently to get the papers, he wrote on his arm the name using for a pen a wooden toothpick dipped in milk. This dried immediately and was invisible, and when later he rubbed the ashes on it, it suddenly appeared in black letters. Each time it was of course necessary to provide fresh papers and write a new name in milk on his arm.

"But suppose no one had said George Washington," said Fred, as he thought it over.

"There never yet was a crowd of people who would omit that name from a list of famous Americans," said Uncle Bob. "Then the other times I fixed upon other popular heroes, and if the

Women's Dep't.

How it is Done.

With a bogus silver dollar and the firm intention to conquer England by American intelligence, old Joe from Newport, Ky., arrived one morning in London. After having told the false dollar to an Irishman at the depot for three shillings, he treated himself to some breakfast and two glasses of whiskey; got his shoes shined and started out to do business.

What kind of business he was to take up and for whom he was to do it did not interest him very much, as there were more details which would easily arrange themselves. He didn't ask anybody to give him any information about the streets of the city, but simply followed the enormous crowd of people that poured across the London bridge into the city. He walked even faster than the clerks who were afraid of being late, combed his hair while he was running, read two morning papers, nodded in a friendly way to the thick of England and the Exchange, and thus at last reached that part of London inhabited for centuries by people who know only one kind of business and one kind of smell, that of old clothes.

Here old Joe stopped and looked about. He found himself in the open market hall where for hundreds of years has been the greatest transactions in old clothes in the whole world. Among the walls were booths full of clothes worn by the last few generations of Londoners, and where thousands of Prince Albert coats, evening gowns and tuxedos, besides enormous bundles of trousers, vests and business coats were done up by the hundred for wholesale trade. There were whole armies of worn out shoes, shapless hats, quaint old umbrellas and canes, neckties and underwear. In front of the booths were crowds of customers and curiously seekers.

Working men, sailors, clerks, buyers from the colonies, not to forget the compact mass of loafers to be found anywhere in London where there is easy money to be made or stolen. Trade was quite lively, but as the majority of the people were foreigners very little was said, and most talking was done by gestures of hands and shrugs of shoulders.

Old Joe didn't stop long to look at this scene. After a moment's hesitation he turned to one of the small stands in a dark corner where Nathaniel Wellbrauch was sitting behind his modest stock, and melancholy because the mass of people passed by his place without as much as giving it a look.

"I beg you, sir," old Joe said, touching his hat, "would you please tell me where the old clothes bazaar is?"

"The bazaar, why, old man, you are right in the center of it!"

"This!" old Joe cried, with an expression of deep contempt, "do you call this a bazaar? Why, it can't be anything but a joke!"

"Well, really, I don't know, I hadn't thought of doing anything. But what will you take for your whole stock?"

Nathaniel looked up in surprise.

"You are a wholesale dealer?"

"Of course. One of the greatest in the world. I'm president of the Grand Central Association."

The old dealer looked at him admiringly, put down some figures on a slip of paper and bashfully whispered the price.

"Give you half of that," Joe replied, "cash down in an hour. All right. And now I must go on."

And without saying another word old Joe mounted a platform, took off his coat and roared in a voice that was heard all over the place: "Gentlemen—"

Everybody looked at him. The dealers were disgusted, but the loafers were delighted. All, however, were anxious to see what was to come next. Once more came the shout: "Gentlemen—"

The whole crowd commenced to edge closer to Nathaniel's booth, asking him all sorts of questions until old Joe roared: "Gentlemen, one moment's quiet." Then he began, his speech in his most dignified manner: "Gentlemen, the day of today inaugurates a new era in the old clothes business of this famous market. But before I go any farther I ask you to tell me upon your word and honor, whether you are satisfied with this market or not?"

Replies of all kinds came from everywhere and for a few moments there was a terrible shouting and laughing. Old Joe calmly waited until quiet had been restored and then said: "I notice that you are not, and why haven't you been satisfied? Because you have not had the proper goods. The goods are now here. The American concern which I represent tells you through me, my even more, it shows you through me. I ask you to give me your attention."

He took the first coat he could get from a bundle in front of him, put it on, and turned slowly around in front of his audience.

"Gentlemen, English Goods is English goods, and I say nothing against it. I only ask you—is that a fit? Does that coat fit me? Do you like the collar? I have very little time—sixteen shillings and six pence. Don't crowd, please, all will be served, for we have forty thousand suits in stock."

An hour later old Joe had cleaned out Nathaniel's stock, bought two other stores and the next morning the "Great American Second Hand Clothing Company" began business on a large scale.

At all docks special long shoremen were engaged who, standing in conspicuous places, showed their customers elegant suits and overcoats which they bought from the concern and in front of all the big factories at Eastend and Whitechapel were special "ones waiting on Saturday nights which carried the workmen that had just been paid off directly into old Joe's arm and through all the streets of London there marched every day in Indian file elegantly dressed men carrying big posters with the inscription: "I is I how You May Look If You Buy Your Clothes From the Great Central American Second-Hand Company, 114 Houndsditch, E. C."

And today old Joe sits in his magnificent office in Oxford street and has eight directors and a special cable on to which he communicates with the branch offices at New York, Brussels and Paris. He has married a real lady and receives kluge on his yacht, and when anybody speaks of his arrival in London, of Nathaniel Wellbrauch, and the bogus dollar, he replies to the most amiable way:

"I beg your pardon, sir, you are mistaken; that happened not to me, but to my grandfather."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Historical and Genealogical

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Material queries as brief as possible must be given.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. Inquiries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in plain envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
7. Direct all communications to:

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1908.

NOTES.

VARS FAMILY IN AMERICA.

Mary (3) Vars, of Isaac and Rebekah, the first female Vars child born in America, married William Saunders, both of Westerly, November 15th, 1782; this was the beginning of the connection of the Vars and Saunders families which became very extensive and close, so much so that the history of one is in fact a partial history of the other.

Theodaty (3) Vars died at the homestead in 1785 at the age of 85 years, his wife having died in 1783, aged 80 years.

Amy (3) Vars, of Isaac (2) and Rebekah, married 1st, George Pooler; 2nd, James Layton, she died in 1791, aged 76 years; left no children.

Isaac (4) Vars, son of Theodaty (3), born 1783, married 1st, Elizabeth Burdick, daughter of Edward & Sarah Clarke Burdick, in 1785 thus connecting the Vars and Burdick families. Isaac (4) also married 2nd, in 1780, Waity Gardner, thus connecting the Vars and Gardner families.

Isaac (4) and Elizabeth had eight children as follows: Thomas (5), Elizabeth (5), Joseph (5), Edward (5), Nancy, Sarah (5), Catherine (5) and Lydia (5). By 2nd wife Waity Gardner, had Mary (5), Isaac (5), and Fanny (5). Thomas (5) Vars, of Isaac (4), born 1786, married Abigail Sheldon in 1785, and in 1787 they moved from Westerly to Berlin, N. Y. This was the first of the Vars family to leave Westerly for the west, but was soon followed by others of the family. As later, Elizabeth (5), Sarah (5), Nancy (5) and Lydia (5), also Joseph (5) and Edward (5), all these with their families moved to N. Y. state and in a few years there was more of the Vars family, and relatives in New York state than was left in Rhode Island.

Elizabeth (5) Vars, born 1788, married Augustus Saunders in 1778, had a family, moved to Brookfield, Madison Co., N. Y. in 1801.

Catherine (4) Vars, of Theodaty (3) and Mary Dodge, was born 1788, she married James Burdick brother of Isaac's (4), wife Elizabeth. He was born 1782, they were married in 1781, and moved to Newport, R. I., James Burdick died there in 1803. Catherine Vars, his widow, died also in Newport on July 15th, 1823, aged 85 years. They had a family of eleven children: See Vars history book No. 1, Pages 23 and 24. Nearly all the family married, lived and died in Newport, where now are many of their descendants, some of them being prominent men in business, political and socially, being identified in the Government of the City.

Sarah (4) Vars daughter of Theodaty (3) and Mary Dodge Vars, born October 31st, 1746, married Jonathan Macomber, son of Joseph Macomber, he was born in Charlestown, R. I. November 22nd, 1744. They were married in Westerly, R. I., September 8th, 1765, thus the Vars and Macomber became united, and their descendants comprised all of the name in Charlestown and Westerly ever since. He was a faithful and valued soldier in the Revolutionary war. The family were notable for their uniform, pleasant and kindly disposition, whom none could blame.

Capt. John (4) Vars son of Theodaty (3) and Mary Dodge Vars, born 1785, married Martha Saunders, daughter of Stephen and Rachel (Bilven) Saunders in Westerly Nov. 15th, 1769. She was born in Westerly, November 27th, 1740. They raised a fine family of eight children, he moved to Newport and Middletown in 1762. He became a prominent man in the War of the Revolution, was appointed by the General Assembly first Lieutenant and then Captain of Militia for Middletown, was appointed recruiting officer to enlist and equip men for the patriot army, and was furnished with arms and ammunition for that purpose.

(To be Continued.)

QUERIES.

6344. PERCE—Who was Jeremiah Perce (or Peirce) of Newport, whose estate was accounted for Sept. 1, 1718, by Jonathan Chapman, evidently formerly widow of Jeremiah. Who was her second husband? She mentioned her four children, Sasonah, John, Valls (?) and Mary.—M. C.

6345. ROGERS—Who was the John Rogers of Newport, who died in 1716, had wife Eliza, son Samuel, son John, dau. Mary, and a daughter who married David Whit.—F. D.

6346. MECHAN—What was the Christian name of Mechan, who married a daughter of Major John Bliss, of Newport, R. I. In John Bliss's will, 1710-7, he mentioned wife Damaris, sons Josiah and George, grandchild Jonathan Mechan, under 18, grandson John Mechan, under 21, grandson John Jersey, under 21.—M. A.

6347. COOPER—Who was John Cooke, of Newport, R. I., whose will was proved 1717-8. He mentioned mother Phoebe Peckham. What was her ancestry, and who was the father of John Cooke?—L. M. A.

6348. EPHRAIM MACOMBER, born in Tiverton, Me. (O. S.) 1750, served in the Revolutionary War, and was granted a pension upon his application of April 1, 1833, as shown by the record of the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C. His term of service are given in the Rhode Island records. "Arnold's Vital Statistics" says that Benjamin Macomber, presumably the

father of this Ephraim, was married to Rebekah Brownell, May 25, 1750, by Joe. Atmy, Justice, while under the head of Mr. the Ephraim who was born Me. 5, 1749-50, is given as the son of Benjamin and Sarah (King) Macomber. Under the head of marriage, Ephraim, the son of Benjamin and Sarah, was married in Patience Fish Sept. 20, 1767 by Rev. David Houghton. The birth of Comfort, the first child of Ephraim and Patience, is given as Dec. 18, 1767. The inference is, that there may be a mistake in one of these dates.

Arnold gives their third child as "Eber," born Feb. 10, 1771, but the name should be "Eber," or "Eble," who married Robert Dennis. Atmy request A. Lipchuk Hamby, town clerk of Tiverton, examined the original book, but could come to no conclusion as to the intention of the recorder. The entry looks like "Eber," but as that does not spell anything, Mr. Hamby wrote: "I am somewhat inclined to think that he (the recorder) started to spell a name and didn't finish it."

I speak of this to show the defect in the original book, and there may have been other errors made by the recorder. The opinion of M. L. T. A., expressed in this column some years ago, that Rebekah, and not Sarah, was the mother of Ephraim, is no doubt correct.

Who can give the ancestry of Ephraim Macomber, born Me. 5 (O. S.) 1750, and that of his wife, Patience Fish?—P. D. H.

6349. PECKHAM—Barber (6) (Thimothy (5), Reuben (4), Thimothy (3), John (2), John (1)), Peckham of Newport, married Elizabeth Westcott, and they had two daughters born in South Kingstown, Hannah, Sept. 6, 1786, who married Capt. Joseph Church of Tiverton, and Mary, Aug. 7, 1792, who became the wife of William Harrison of Tiverton. Where and when were Barber and Elizabeth married, and when did she die? She must have died not long after the birth of Mary, for Barber married Sarah Sheffield in June, 1793, at South Kingstown. I would very much like Elizabeth's ancestry. Has the Westcott genealogy ever been published? If it has where can it be found?—P. D. H.

Tiverton.

The town council has elected the following officers:

Commissioner of Wrecks—Julius A. Petty.

Committee on Pockets—Hill Cemetery—Alfred G. Springer, Albert Walmsley, John C. Manchester, Jr., Packard of Fish—Isaac L. Brownell, Pound Keepers—James M. Manchester, Peleg Wilcox, Isaac F. Rounds, John B. Manchester, Jr., Sealer of Weights and Measures—George W. Potter.

Quaker—Henry B. Gardner.

Sealer of Leaches—August Letchfield.

Weghers—Isaac L. Brownell, Frank E. Reed, John Q. A. Brown, S. W. Hathaway, Joseph F. Rowe, Abner Coggeshall, Peleg D. Humphrey, Samuel L. Atmy, Samuel Seabury.

Corders of Wood—David W. Simmons, James G. Wardell, O. G. Pierce, L. F. Rounds, B. F. Macomber, Peleg L. Stafford, Abner Coggeshall, Stephen D. Crandall, Honore Perault, John A. Hathaway.

Inspectors of Kerosene—Fred Bradley, Isaac S. Harden, Frank C. Bliss, Harry W. Grinnell, George C. Manchester.

Surveyors of Lumber—David W. Simmons, E. E. Ash, Peleg D. Humphrey, Jason W. Gifford, John A. Hathaway.

Fence Viewers—Emerson F. Ash, Willard E. Wood, John T. Onok, O. G. Pierce, Richmond Negus, S. G. Crandall, Isaac Rounds, Joshua T. Durfee, Alfred G. Springer.

Land Surveyors—Roy H. Beattie, Isaac L. Atmy.

Coroner—Peleg D. Humphrey.

Commissioner to Have Charge of Burial of Soldiers and Sailors—George L. Church.

Health Officer—Charles H. Bryant, M. D.

Field Drivers—James M. Manchester, Isaac W. Gifford, Charles E. Manchester, Benjamin F. Hicks, James G. Wardell, Richmond Negus, John J. Snell, Abner D. Boyd, James Holden, O. G. Pierce, F. P. Crandall, S. G. Crandall, James Sharples, Joseph H. Negus, E. B. Ridge, Henry B. Gardner, George A. Brown, Frank E. Reed, Henry Bateson.

Thomas V. Sisson was appointed a committee to release prisoners in Newport county jail who are confined at the expense of the town.

Inspector of Nuisances.

The Inspector of Nuisances reports that during the month of March, 1908, 563 inspections were made, divided as follows:

Premises where inside or non-freezing closets were found, 357; no traps to sinks, 1; unsanitary galvanized iron waste pipe, 1; foul odors from keeping hens in cellar, 1; foul odors from filthy water in cellar, 1; grease traps and drains overflowing, 1; decayed, 1; dirty yards, 8; cleaned, 1; vaults found clean, 3; half full or less, 75; full or overflowing, 12; vaults not used, 1; closets inside, 2; no privy over vault, 1; vaults found clean, 72; dirty, 1; dead cats, 1; removed, 1; no cause for complaint, 1; not classified, 7; nuisance from low awning, 1; waste pipes leaking under house, 1.

Middletown.

The entertainment committee in charge of the evening's social program at Aquidneck Grange on Thursday evening completed the three officers of the Grange, Mr. George W. Smith, of Newport, steward, Mr. Charles L. Adams, assistant steward, and Mr. George W. Smith, of Newport, duly assistant steward. The various numbers were very pleasing and included vocal and instrumental music and readings by the Grange members, which were followed later by dancing. Light refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Roberts are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on the 6th instant. Mr. Roberts is one of the most popular ministers at St. George's School, and Mr. Roberts was a great favorite in the social circle at Budapest, Hungary.

One week from next Sunday will be Easter, which this year comes about as late as it possibly could.

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Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SE. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
Newport, January 21st, A. D. 1908.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 123, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1908, and returnable to the said Court July 13th, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 24th day of December, A. D. 1907, in favor of the City of Newport, plaintiff, and against John P. J. O'Connor, of the City of Newport in the County and State aforesaid, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant John P. J. O'Connor, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and located Northerly, 4 feet by Mill street; Easterly, 87.61 feet, by land of W. J. Underwood; Southerly, 8 feet, by land of W. J. Underwood; Westerly, 88 feet, by Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church and by land of John Henry Tilley, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if called for.

FRANK L. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

44-1w

V.

FOR SALE.

LOTS 4 CENTS AND UP.

90 per cent, mortgage.

W. G. PECKHAM,

Westfield, N. J.

Nickels-Dimes and Dollars Saved

EVERY purchase you make at BARNEY'S is money in your pocket. The more you spend here—the more you save

Pianos. Sheet Music, Musical Instruments of every description. Talking Machines, Records, Supplies

Barney's

Music Store

154 Thames Street

Block Island.

The voters of the town of New Shoreham, in special town meeting Monday voted to bond the town in the sum of \$175,000, to liquidate accumulated indebtedness. The bonds are to be of \$500 each, to bear 4 per cent. interest, and to mature in 1918, unless otherwise directed by the electors in town meeting assembled.

There was no opposition to the issuing of the bond, the vote being unanimous.

The meeting was called to order by Town Moderator Herbert S. Millikin. C. G. Hall offered the resolution, which was put before the meeting, and explained to Samuel M. Rose, who was the only person to raise the question, the object of bonding the town, the method which was to be observed, how the bonds were to be placed and by what method they were to be retired.

A committee was appointed to take charge of the bond issue as follows: Town Treasurer A. J. Rose, C. G. Hall, J. B. Mott, John A. Mott and William Saunders.

The action in relation to bonding the town's debt is taken in accordance with an act of the General Assembly authorizing the town to issue bonds for that purpose.

"Dan" Sully, the well known actor, was badly injured in a runaway accident near his home in Woonsocket, N. Y., on Thursday. The pair of horses that he was driving ran away and Mr. Sully was thrown out, receiving serious injuries. He is now under medical treatment.

Dr. C. A. Brackett, as acting chairman of the representative council, has appointed the committee to investigate the Newport Water Works, as follows: Henry C. Bechler, Joseph P. Cotton, John C. Burke, French E. Chadwick, and John P. Hammond. This is the committee that was authorized at the last meeting of the council, after the proposition submitted by Mayor Clarke had been turned down.

Rev. and Mrs. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D., have returned from Columbus, Ohio.

One week from next Sunday will be Easter, which this year comes about as late as it possibly could.

49 Different Styles

How can we? We do, that's all. It's part of our business policy—to make your choosing easy by big stocks and little prices. We never say no to a want if we can help it.

Dining Tables

We've made a special effort to please you in this line—no sort of table you won't find in this big assortment, round and square, oak and mahogany.

The Round Top has the preference this spring, though—it's a little more dressy, more sociable, more roomy, too. Needn't feel you're barred from the most correct things here—round tops, 42 inches in diameter, with pretty fluted base, all solid oak and highly polished, with 6 feet extension begin at

\$8.50

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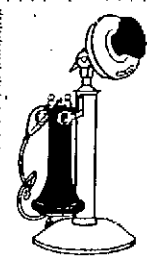
A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

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LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET

Probate Court of the City of Newport, R. I., March 26th, 1908.

Estate Dennis W. Sheehan.

REQUEST in writing is made by Julia A. Sheehan, Administratrix of the estate of Dennis W. Sheehan, late of said Newport, deceased, insolvent, that this Court appoint a commissioner or commissioners, to examine and determine a certain claim filed in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court and disallowed by said Administratrix; and said petition for said appointment, and referred to the Thirtieth day of April next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

325-3w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., March 16, A. D. 1908.

LYDIA M. WARD, the Administratrix on the estate of

GEORGE E. WARD,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court her first and final account with said estate, and her petition for an order of disallowance of the balance which may be found in her hands as such Administratrix.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account and petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of April next, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

421-5w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., March 16, A. D. 1908.

JOEL PECKHAM, the Administrator on the estate of

NATHANIEL PECKHAM,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court her first and final account with said estate, and her petition for an order of disallowance of the balance which may be found in her hands as such Administrator.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account and petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of April next, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

421-5w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, R. I., April 11, 1908.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of RUTH A. LAKE, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

THEOPHILUS FLAKE,
Administrator.

Carr's List.

Old Wives for New.

Attars to Mammon, by Elizabeth Neff.

Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, by Elizabeth Neff.

Practical Bridge, by J. B. Ellwell.

The Call of the Deep, by Frank T. Bollen.

Deep Mont Grange, by S. H. Crockett.

—ALSO—

EASTER CARDS.

Daily News Building.

The new board of directors of the Union Trust Company of Providence has elected Rathbone Gardner as president of that institution. Although it had been repeatedly stated that he would be selected for the position he had often declined to accept. As Mr. Gardner has been active as one of the receivers of the institution he is very familiar with the condition of the bank and should make a very competent president.

A despatch from New York says that Referee McClure has completed the taking of testimony in the suit brought by Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt against her husband. The rumor is to the effect that an absolute divorce will be ordered.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SE. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
Newport, December 18th, A. D. 1907.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 121, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court, December 24th, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 12th day of June, A. D. 1907, in favor of Louis H. Gen. of the City of New York, and State of New York, plaintiff, and against William McCarthy Little, of Newport, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, defendant, I have this day at 4 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, William McCarthy Little, of Newport, late on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Situated easterly, by Everett street (formerly called Everett Place); Northwesterly by Sarah H. Dennis, Northwesterly by Jacob H. Brown, Southerly by the land now of formerly of the heirs or devisees of John J. Curry. Be the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if called for.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

245-1w

NEWPORT, SE. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
Newport, January 21st, A. D. 1908.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 122, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1908, and returnable to the said Court July 13th, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 24th day of December, A. D. 1907, in favor of the City of Newport, plaintiff, and against John P. J. O'Connor, of the City of Newport in the County and State aforesaid, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant John P. J. O'Connor, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and located Northerly, 4 feet by Mill street; Easterly, 87.61 feet, by land of W. J. Underwood; Southerly, 8 feet, by land of W. J. Underwood; Westerly, 88 feet, by Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church and by land of John Henry Tilley, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if called for.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

44-1w

NEWPORT, SE. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
Newport, January 21st, A. D. 1908.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 123, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1908, and returnable to the said Court July 13th, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 24th day of December, A. D. 1907, in favor of the City of Newport, plaintiff, and against John P. J. O'Connor, of the City of Newport in the County and State aforesaid, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant John P. J. O'Connor, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City